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### THE SESSION ; AND ITS MORAL.

THE long and weary Session of Parliament has at last been brought to a close. The jaded members have spread themselves over the counties, to attend to their own affairs, or over Europe and America, in search of health, excitement, and change of scene. For five months the orators and the gabblers will be equally silent, unless in the smaller arenas of public dinners or meetings. The Executive Government, untroubled by the dangers that all Governments incur in constitutional countries, while any kind of Parliament is in session, is left to the sole management of affairs, exposed to no criticism but that of a press which may be kept in ignorance of its proceedings, until criticism shall become useless,—and to the operation of that public opinion which, even though it may prove adverse, can execute no judgment except through the votes of a parliamentary majority. Until February next, therefore, the Ministers may repose in peace. If their lives be spared, and they remain united among themselves, no rivalry can overthrow them in the interval.

The Session has been productive of so vast an amount of talk, accompanied by so little apparent work, that it has become a fashion to deride parliamentary government altogether, and to sneer at free institutions as if they were incapable of producing men competent to manage the affairs of a great nation. But the speakers and writers who indulge in such opinions, and not the members of the Parliament which they condemn, are the real gabblers, and darkeners of counsel with vain words. It is the especial business of Parliaments to talk ; and it is only when, urged and incited by over-ambitious and overzealous ministers, they attempt to do a greater amount of work than public necessity calls for, or than public opinion would support, that they are justly open to reproach. The true history of the Session which has just been brought to something like an ignominious end, proves that although a great amount of unnecessary oratory has been expended, a very considerable amount of valuable work has been performed ; and that, if the Ministry, by means of its various members and subordinates, had introduced fewer important measures, which it was unable even to attend to, much less to carry to completion, a still greater amount of needful business might have been dispatched at a much earlier period than the month of August.

The Budget, the French Treaty, and the National Defences, with the minor but important questions directly or indirectly arising out of them, were quite sufficient to monopolize the time and the eloquence of Parliament, without the host of measures which the personal ambition of each separate member of the Administration endeavoured to force upon the unwilling attention of the House. But when, in addition to these great subjects of debate, all of them of paramount urgency, there were fifty vast, and some of them almost revolutionary, measures to be discussed, to say nothing of the yearly increasing private business on which Parliament has to legislate, what could happen but a break-down ? First in magnitude was Lord John Russell's Reform Bill—of itself quite enough to consume the energies of the Session. With such a measure—affecting so many interests—is it surprising that talk prevented work, and that business wellnigh came to a standstill ? Sir Richard Bethell's bill for the amendment of our mercantile law in the matter of Bankruptcy and Insolvency—a bill with nearly six hundred clauses—was another obstruction. Possibly it was a right thing to be done some time or other, but it was not the right thing to be attempted when matters of greater urgency demanded the whole attention of the Legislature.

These are but two specimens of the hindrances ; but we might run through the list of the measures promised in the Queen's Speech at the opening of the Session, and afterwards announced with more or less flourish by the Ministry, by the Opposition, and by independent members, and come to the same conclusion with respect to them all, viz, that they were too many and too important to be undertaken in any one year ; and that the reproach of want of business capacity does not so justly lie upon the Parliament that could not proceed with them, as with the Ministry that thrust them upon attention without a reasonable hope of carrying them to maturity.

Nevertheless, and in spite of all these drawbacks, the Session is not fairly liable to the accusation of barrenness. Mr. Gladstone's Budget, mutilated though it has been by the House of Lords—which set, in this instance, a mischievous and dangerous precedent—is a remarkable and laborious, as well as a highly important work, which links itself intimately to the cognate subjects of the French Treaty and the National Defences. These three form the real business of the Session ; and it is instructive to observe how they severally entwine themselves with the affairs of the French Emperor. The possession of the throne of France, and the command of the finest, most numerous, and most ambitious army in the world, by the heir of the name, the policy, and the hopes of Napoleon I, imposed upon Great Britain the unhappy necessity of not only renewing, but of increasing the amount of the Property and Income Tax that was to have expired during the present year. Because that eminent, able, and aspiring monarch is where he is—and what he is—the Budget of our national expenditure had to be framed more strictly in accordance with the possibilities of his career than with the necessities of our own. Because he was strong, we found it imperative to make ourselves stronger, or we ran a risk that no prudent nation—were it only one half as rich or one half as vulnerable—ought to have incurred for a single day. We were compelled to consider our National Defences, because France had unsettled Europe ; and we were too important a member of the European Commonwealth to be unaffected by the perturbation which France had caused, and the future convulsions to which it might lead. For these reasons we renewed and increased the Income and Property Tax, and set our financial house in order, to be prepared for every contingency. The treaty negotiated by Mr. Cobden grew from the same stem. If it cost us so much in money, as well as in anxiety, to have such a neighbour as France, with such a great and mighty autocrat to rule over it, surely it was better to cultivate the relations of commerce with a people against whom we had no grudge,—to exchange our superabundant calicoes and woollens for their superabundant wines,—and multiply our business with them to such an extent as to prove to them, as we had already proved to ourselves and to the rest of the world, that Free Trade was the source both of prosperity and of peace, and that war with a good customer is both a crime and an absurdity. Such was the conviction that prompted the French Treaty. It is one that is deeply imbedded in the popular mind, and is not to be eradicated by the hostile criticism of a few false free-traders, who are in favour of cheapness and freedom in every article except the particular article which they may happen to manufacture. That conviction will grow ; and if it will only take root in France as effectually as it has done among ourselves, the day may speedily come when the armaments of both nations may be made more consistent with good-neighbourship,



as well as with Christianity, than they have been since the days of Cressy and Agincourt.

In the perilous times in which we live, the ancient and illustrious Parliament of Great Britain has great responsibilities. It has to set an example not only to the people whom it more or less completely represents, but to the world. To make its example efficacious, it has other things to reform than its constitution. If it would be respected, it must reform its own modes of procedure. It must attempt less, and accomplish more. It must, above all things, guard its own privileges and prerogatives from the aggression that it has too tamely suffered at the hands of the House of Lords. If it ever relax its grasp upon the national purse—if it allow any authority but its own to originate a new tax or reimpose an old one, contrary to the legally expressed decision of a parliamentary majority, it will abdicate its only valuable function, and, like the Stuarts and the Bourbons, it may march to political annihilation as fast as it pleases. It was a bad sign of the public spirit of our day that an aggression, which, forty or even twenty years ago, would have set the whole country in a ferment, should have been sneered and pooh-poohed out of discussion. It is the highest wisdom to stop the beginnings of evil; but of this wisdom the Parliamentary Session of 1860 has been lamentably deficient.

#### DIPLOMACY; AND THE DEAD SEASON.

THE first of September has come, Parliament is prorogued, and partridges are, it is to be hoped, getting less plentiful in the stubble, and more plentiful on the table. Public business is rapidly subsiding into abeyance, and if it were not for an unusually large number of failures, private business would be almost at a standstill. But while the community at large is enjoying, or preparing to enjoy, the repose of the long vacation, there is one department which offers an exception to the general rule. It is now that the Foreign Office wakes to new life, that its agents abroad start into activity, and that couriers commence their autumn labours. The prorogation of that inconvenient talking institution, the British Parliament, is the signal for our good friends and allies to prepare their agenda for the next year's exploits. Some nationality is probably to be consoled, or some Rhenish Savoy, panting for liberty, is to be annexed. It is the carnival-time of diplomacy. It is now that our Foreign Minister requires all his eyes not to see, and all his ears not to hear, while we depend only on that Fourth Estate, which knows neither slumber nor sport, to keep a watchful look-out for the storms which may be brewing. The fate of Italy, probably of Turkey, will be decided during the recess; Parliament will only assemble to be told of *faits accomplis*; or it may be suddenly convoked to vote the supplies for a war already determined on, which will cost more than the Crimean blunder, with as bootless results; or, worse still, may envelope in its horrors the whole human race. These next months will be momentous in the history of Europe, but we shall be allowed no voice in determining their course. This is the special province of Diplomacy, which we know is equivalent to saying that Great Britain will not influence the decision. Strange to say, the people, that is the Parliament, are content that such things should be. A burst of indignation from the public press is, indeed, sometimes followed by a growl from some troublesome member in Parliament, but the minister rises, pronounces the magic word "diplomacy," and the House is counted out. Diplomacy is the Abracadabra of state conjurers; it is a sufficient answer to all objectors. As a science confined to a few it has always been regarded by the uninitiated as a mystery, and it has had the fate of all mysteries. Formerly it was revered, now it has become a laughing-stock, and still it governs the world. The Sultan and the Shah regulate their movements on the fiat of the court astrologer; so we do nothing but under the direction of our augurs; but the Eastern peoples believe in the supernatural knowledge they invoke, while the Western nations deride the pretended wisdom they bow to. Is, then, diplomacy a juggle, or are its professors at fault? Is there nothing in a science which still commands our assent, while its modern results do not satisfy our reason?

There was a time when the fool of a family was provided with a commission in the army, and the scapegrace was sent to sea. Thanks to the progress of sound learning and religious education, we have now neither fools nor Pickles, at least there is a strong determination to discourage their growth. If we cannot altogether destroy the weeds, at least we are resolved not to employ them. An inconvenient examination has closed the doors of the Horse Guards to the incorrigibly idle or stupid, and a phantom, of the same terrible proportions, warns him from the sanctuary of the cockpit. The nation, that is, the "upper ten thousand," was on the point of being reduced to the greatest straits in regard to the disposal of its weeds, had there not been discovered a convenient, unapproachable little parterre, in which to plant them becomingly out of the way. The Police Force offers, indeed, an asylum to the thistles and nettles; the muscular, hard-fisted unteachables; but for the soft-skinned and delicate produce of the drawing-room—our pimpernels and poppies—something better was required. This something has been discovered in Diplomacy, that one profession in which no knowledge appreciable

by examiners is required, nor any learning insisted upon more abstruse than an imperfect acquaintance with the art of spelling; in which a modicum of bad French excuses an utter lack of intelligible English, and Vatel and Puffendorf are advantageously replaced by *Times*-leaders and the "Turf Calendar."

Having settled this matter so satisfactorily, we have no right to be astonished that we are outwitted and baffled as often as our representatives, thus chosen, meet those of other nations. We may console and justify ourselves by saying that Diplomacy is the science of casuistry and the art of lying—branches of useful knowledge which require little teaching and less learning. That the men we have appointed to the office are the very men for the place, and that their little success is only the proof how well they have resisted the influence of Russia, which has introduced throughout Europe a Greco-Slavonic aptitude for deceit repugnant to our honest Anglo-Saxon natures. But we might find another explanation of the phenomenon of our diplomatic failure, in the fact that Diplomacy has, or has had, another meaning than that which we have given, and that in all other countries it is recognised as a science with fixed rules, to be studied as accurately and as regularly as medicine or mathematics. It is only in England that the waifs and strays of "good society" are considered the best guardians of national interests, or that ignorance can cope with knowledge in the discussion of the most complicated laws. The nation has seen the battles gained in the field lost at the council-board by its highly-born plenipotentiaries; and the people have been satisfied, or at least silent. In Russia the foundling hospital is the favourite nursery for diplomats, a system the very opposite of ours, but found to work equally satisfactorily—for Russia.

The function of true diplomacy is, not to cheat our enemies or our allies, or even our countrymen; neither is it to meddle in the internal affairs of other nations. The old-fashioned *ars diplomatica* was, in its origin, the knowledge of deeds; hence it was especially applied to the knowledge of those public deeds on which international law is based. A diplomatist was one whose occupation was to preserve such deeds, and to frame others in harmony with all those which had gone before them. In this capacity he was bound to uphold Right, and prevent unnecessary wars. His aim was to protect the interests of his country, to do which effectually he was bound to consult those of humanity at large. The members of this profession were the gravest, the most learned, the most accomplished men of their age—churchmen, warriors, or legislators.

Now the object of our diplomacy is far oftener to meddle in the affairs of weaker states than to defend the principles of law and order menaced by powerful ones. We employ men to intrigue at Madrid or bully at Athens, while we fail to make ourselves heard in Paris or Vienna. The result is, that diplomatic secrecy has no longer a meaning except as regards ourselves. Public feeling is not yet so deadened to right that we could bear the knowledge of what we are ourselves doing by proxy. Hence the necessity for those falsifications of despatches which are the opprobrium of our public men. They are so ashamed of their own acts that even the responsibility of office does not deter them from mutilating or even falsifying state papers. At the Old Bailey the actions would be punished as forgery which in the House of Commons are applauded as clever statesmanship. It would seem that public morality is the very reverse of private. We have before us a pamphlet on the Afghan Papers, published in a blue-book in 1839. It illustrates what we have been saying. A second blue-book, containing the same papers, was published with the date of 1859, and on comparing the two, we discover that the Ministers of the Crown laid before the great council of the nation a series of despatches which had been deliberately falsified. Of sixty-five despatches, forty-five were garbled or altered in the first edition: words were erased, or others substituted in their place, sentences and whole pages were suppressed. Strangest of all, a public servant (Sir A. Burnes), was thus made to advocate a policy of which he absolutely disapproved.

We recognise the utility of the diplomatic corps as a provision for our incapables, but to this we would confine its functions. The withdrawal of our ambassador, from Madrid, a few years ago, produced no injury to English interests, some good perhaps to Spain. It is a precedent which might be advantageously acted upon in other countries, but in the mean time we must look to the press for protection from the consequences of the diplomatic season which is opening.

#### THE POLICY OF RUSSIA IN THE EAST.

HISTORY unfortunately discloses to us but one method by which nations have invariably attained greatness. Territorial aggression, in one form or other, seems to be an indispensable condition to national prosperity; and although there is a large section of politicians in this country with whom we have many sympathies in common, and for whose opinions we entertain the profoundest respect, who entirely repudiate this doctrine, as one opposed to the more enlightened views of political economy, the fact remains, and it is one which in the present state of foreign politics deserves our consideration. It is no less true that, as by the consistent prosecution of an

aggressive policy, nations have risen to greatness, so they have at last owed their downfall to this propensity pushed to an inordinate degree, and that which once proved the prime element of their grandeur has finally contributed chiefly to their destruction.

It is interesting at the present time to compare the various developments of this same active principle of aggression as illustrated by the policy of the three most powerful nations of modern times. In England we are in the habit of concealing the iron hand beneath the velvet glove : our object is commercial, not territorial extension ; and if unfortunately it is sometimes necessary for our soldiers to ratify the contracts of our merchants, or to take a province in exchange for a bad debt, this is only an incident in trade, and not its legitimate scope and tendency.

Those politicians, known as the "peace party," are of opinion that every commercial advantage might be gained without coercion, or the exercise of a material pressure, which is often not to be justified upon moral grounds. Their views in this respect are based altogether upon theory, and display an entire lack of practical knowledge of the character of those semi-barbarous peoples with whom we maintain commercial relations. Almost every foreign market which we possess has been won at the point of the bayonet ; and although it is deeply to be regretted that this should be so, we doubt whether, as a nation of quakers, our trade would be so extended, or our position so firmly established, as by the more violent policy which has been employed. We are far from approving altogether of this policy, morally speaking, and believe that the period has arrived when further acquisition of territory would be a source of weakness rather than of strength, and that our naval and military forces will find ample occupation in maintaining that prestige which England possesses above the world, without seeking to extend her conquests.

The policy of France, though no less aggressive than that of England, is conducted upon different principles and influenced by an entirely opposite set of motives. National glory takes the place of dollars, and it is not so much the desire for territory as the excitement of gaining it, that tempts the Frenchman to acts of violence. With an organization and an army essentially adapted to the prosecution of European wars upon a grand scale, France will always fail utterly in military operations undertaken in distant quarters of the globe, while every addition to her territory which is isolated and remote, is a serious element of weakness, and an endless source of anxiety. The only power which can afford to own distant colonies, is that one which possesses the command of the sea. Impressed with the truth of this conviction, the present ruler of France confines his ambition almost entirely to Europe and the more contiguous portions of the neighbouring continent, and seeks to regain, by a combination of diplomatic and military operations, that position which his uncle achieved by force of arms alone. The dominant principle, then, of English policy is the desire for trade; that of France is national vanity; Russia alone is animated by the lust of territory. In the cases of both the other countries, the extension of the frontier is subservient to other ends ; in the case of Russia it is the moving principle.

An attentive study of the history of this gigantic power during the last sixty years will convince us that this is the key to that policy which has now become traditional. Each successive Czar considers it a sacred duty to carry on the work so successfully prosecuted by his ancestors, and all the energies of the Foreign Office are devoted to the accomplishment of this grand purpose. The rise and progress of Russia is unexampled in history. Within the last century it has more than doubled its area. The whole frontier, from the Baltic to the Sea of Tartary, is composed of provinces which have been annexed since the death of Peter the Great ; and the work of territorial extension is progressing slowly and steadily, but not the less surely, because it attracts little attention in this country. It is, indeed, specially conducted with a view to secrecy, and is an insidious process, which has been reduced almost to a formula. It invariably begins with the disorganization of the country to be annexed, by means of corruption and secret agency, pushed to the extent of disorder and civil contention. Next in order comes military occupation, to restore tranquillity, and the result has always been, protection, followed by incorporation.

Every year the frontier of Russia, in Central Asia, is being steadily advanced across those arid steppes, where the nature of the country would defy the advance of an army, so long as it remained in the hands of an enemy. Like a rising tide, each successive wave encroaches upon the shores of the Central Asian states, until they become at last submerged.

In the case of her most recent acquisition, with reference to which we are in possession of some special information, Russia has departed from the formula above indicated, and acquired a territory equal in extent to the South of Europe, by virtue of a treaty with China, made in 1858, which the Government of that country seems now disposed to repudiate.

Until that date, the country lying to the north of the Amur river, forming a portion of Manchuria, was comprised within the limits of the Chinese frontier. The Russians were, however, in the habit of ascending and descending the river in boats, in defiance of the

objections of the Chinese authorities, upon its banks, who never ventured upon hostile measures to bar their progress. Nevertheless, it was considered desirable, not merely to secure the river itself, but to annex the province on its north shore, as well as a strip of territory on the opposite bank of the Amur, extending along the shores of the Sea of Tartary, almost as far as the Corea. The results of this acquisition, and the present condition of the newly-annexed territory, may be summed up in a few words. On the left bank of the river, and near its mouth, has been established the capital of the new colony. It is the residence of the Governor, contains a considerable garrison, and is a place of increasing commercial importance, as the outlet of the produce of Eastern Siberia. The population of this town, by name Nicolayeffski, has been estimated at 10,000, including the garrison ; but this is probably considerably exaggerated. The value of the river Amur for navigable purposes is somewhat diminished by the bar at its mouth, on which there is from fourteen to fifteen feet of water. This once crossed, the navigation becomes easy, and two steamers ply regularly during the summer to and from Nicolayeffski to Nertchinsk—a distance of about 1,500 miles. This city, near which are some valuable mines, is situated on the Gilka, a navigable tributary of the Amur, and at this point passengers and merchandise are disembarked and conveyed across the Yablonoi range on horseback—a tract of about 100 miles—to the river Selenga, whence they are conveyed in a steamer to Irkutsk, the capital of all Siberia, and the residence of the Governor-General. The journey from Irkutsk to St. Petersburg occupies thirty days, while that from Irkutsk to the mouth of the Amur is usually performed in fifteen. One or two large Chinese towns are situated on the southern bank of the river ; the country is sparsely populated by semi-barbarous tribes, contains forests of magnificent timber, and is rich in all descriptions of poultry ; but the most important feature of the new province is the imperial port, situated in the 49th parallel of latitude, upon the Sea of Tartary, and which is to be the Russian naval station for the Pacific.

By a recent treaty with Japan, Russia has possessed herself of the island of Sagalien, which produces excellent coal, in the immediate vicinity of the new port. The climate here is comparatively temperate, and the harbour commodious and sheltered. It is connected with the Amur by a chain of lakes, from which that river is entered at some distance from its mouth. There can be little doubt that the comparative proximity of the new Russian frontier to the capital must exercise a considerable influence upon the government, while fresh facilities are now afforded for a still further extension of the frontier in the same direction ; viewing the subject impartially, however, it is difficult to perceive in what manner British interests can be seriously affected by the predominance of Russia in this remote quarter of Asia, while we foresee great danger to Russia herself. Within the last few years Siberia has been increasing rapidly in wealth and population. Few of those exiled ever return. Established with their wives and families upon their own farms, they enjoy the society of their equals, and find in Irkutsk all the amenities of civilization. By degrees the development of trade on the eastern coast will attract an independent population in that direction, with interests of their own, and comparatively emancipated from that direct control which is exercised in the less remote parts of the empire. With trade liberal ideas will be introduced ; it will gradually dawn upon the exiled population that a new era has arrived, and that it may be possible to avenge their wrongs and attain their freedom at a blow. They are no longer isolated from contact with the outer world ; and the day may come when Russia will find that her lust of territory has induced her to overstep the limits of prudence, and that this last great acquisition may be the first step on the road to her ultimate downfall.

#### DISASTROUS SEASONS ;—1816 AND 1860.

SHOULD the effects of the present season resemble those of former unfavourable years, there will be some trouble in society, and a more earnest turn will be given to the thoughts of the public. From the "Annual Register," from Tooke's "History of Prices," from recollections and traditions, we propose, therefore, to place before our readers some of the prominent facts of the season of 1816, which resembles in many points the season of 1860.

The spring was then extremely inclement, and the summer very wet and cold. In the neighbourhood of London the rain fall in the four months, May, June, July, and August, and the total rain fall in the year, as compared to the year immediately preceding and following were as follow :—

	Rain-fall in four months.	In the whole year.
1816. ....	12.29 inches.	29.74 inches.
1815. ....	7.55 "	23 "
1817. ....	8.22 "	24.09 "

Average of the two years ... 7.88

23.54

In the four months, therefore, the excess of rain above the average of the two other years was 4.41 inches, and the excess above the average of the total rain-fall in the two years was 6.20 inches. The

temperature, never higher than  $81^{\circ}$ , fell, between August 16th and September 13th, to  $30^{\circ}$ , or  $2^{\circ}$  below the freezing point; while the mean temperature of the year was  $46^{\circ} 87'$ , against  $49^{\circ} 25'$  in 1815, and  $48^{\circ} 26'$  in 1817.

This excess of rain and low temperature were accompanied, as are the low temperature and excessive rain of the present year, by remarkable spots on the sun. On June 18th, five such spots were especially observed by a French astronomer, who estimated one to be as large as the diameter of the earth. They continued visible in July and August; and in September were still more numerous, and of greater magnitude. At present, according to a letter in *The Times* of Monday, the temperature at St. Petersburg is higher than usual; and in 1816, while the south and centre of Europe suffered from cold and wet, Russia and other northern countries experienced only dry and warm weather.

In consequence of heavy rains and low temperature in 1816, hay was washed from the low-lying meadows into the streams, or was rotted on the ground. Fruit was abundant, but it ripened imperfectly, and in many cases burst and rotted on the trees. For nearly three months, in some districts, the farmers had harvest-work on hand, and in several cases the corn was covered with snow before it could be carried into the barn. All grain, but especially wheat, was lamentably deficient in quantity, and in quality very inferior. It was so damp as to be wholly unfit for use, and was frequently kiln-dried. Fortunately, there was on hand a considerable stock of the surplus of previous harvests, otherwise the sufferings of the people would have been great.

The continent had not then recovered from the effects of the war, and the very inclement spring had occasioned a demand for corn early in the year. It was supplied by exports from England; and the price of wheat rose from 52s. 6d. per quarter in January, to 74s. 10d. in June. As it became apparent that the harvest would be very imperfect, the price rose continuously, and in December reached 103s. In June, 1817, the average price was 111s. 6d.; and on the 14th of that month wheat was sold in Mark-lane for 135s. per quarter. This was almost famine price; throughout the neighbouring continent, too, the price was very high, and French writers described the period as one of actual famine.

The distress of the labouring classes was very great in England, and as the price of corn rose, and as miners, colliers, and others, found their employment diminished, considerable disturbances ensued. On the opening of Parliament, in 1817, the condition of the people was referred to in the Prince Regent's speech, and measures were speedily brought forward to give them relief and employment. Unfortunately, a notion prevailed that the change from war to peace was the chief cause of the public distress, and sufficient weight was not assigned to the defective harvest. Statesmen, as is natural, look more to their own acts than to the laws of the material world, and as they generally mean well, they as generally conclude that only an untoward disposition in the people mars their success. On his way to Parliament, the Prince Regent had been insulted, his carriage-window was broken, whether by a stone or a shot was never ascertained; and, making little or no allowance for the sufferings occasioned by a dearth, when only blessings had been anticipated from victory and peace, the Government adopted measures of rigid coercion. Laws were hastily passed to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act, and prevent seditious meetings. The dissatisfaction and discontent which arose from comparative destitution and positive want were ascribed to "factious individuals," and a state almost of civil war ensued between the Government and the hungry multitude. Riots occurred in almost every part of the country; incendiaryism was common; great assemblies of colliers in Staffordshire, and weavers and spinners in Lancashire, proposed to march on the metropolis; and in the metropolis itself raged riot and insurrection. The troops were everywhere actively employed; the magistrates were armed with additional powers; and thoroughly discontented people were only prevented, by extreme vigilance and severity, from organizing a rebellion.

The year 1817 is one of the most painful in our modern annals, but we should have been slow to ascribe its many woes to the defective harvest of 1816, had we not noticed in England and in France, both before and subsequent to that year, several examples of general tribulation immediately following bad harvests. Thus in 1756, in 1767, and in our own time in 1841, there were disorders and disturbances in England, consequent on short crops. In France, from a similar cause, there were insurrections in 1770, 1775, and in 1789 a severe scarcity was the forerunner of the terrible Revolution. Short harvests, too, preceded the revolutions of 1830 and 1848. No circumstance, then, has a greater influence over the well-being of society—over the security of the Government and the contentment of the people than—the yield of the harvest.

With the facts of great excess of rain, low temperature, rotting hay, a very backward harvest, and great spots on the sun, now brought continually under the notice of the public, we need not expatiate on the striking resemblance between the seasons of 1816 and 1860. The latter, however, is not yet closed; and till then, great as is the similarity between them, we cannot speak positively as to

which of the two is the more unfavourable. Mr. Glaisher told us last week that the mean temperature of July, this year, was above the mean temperature of July, 1816. The rain-fall in June of the present year, 5·8 in., is greater than the rain-fall in June, 1816, 2·4 in.; but we are not in possession of the official returns subsequent to June to enable us to institute a fair comparison. Admitting, however, that 1860 is at least as unfavourable, from excess of moisture and lowness of temperature, as 1816, no one anticipates either such high prices or such terrible disorders as occurred in 1817. The average price of the quarter of wheat, in January and June of the two contrasted years, was—

	January.	June.
1816.....	52s. 6d. ....	74s. 10d.
1860.....	43s. 11d. ....	55s. 0d.

The price, therefore, this year, is nearly 20 per cent. lower than it was then, and in an equal interval has risen much less. Then the whole continent was disordered; production was everywhere deranged and impeded, and England had a stringent Corn Law. Now the continent is generally better ordered; production is established for our market; we have a large corn trade, which embraces all Europe, and is susceptible, if occasion serve, of great extension. America, too, and Africa—at least Egypt,—are now sources of continual supply, which, at any time like this, may be indefinitely enlarged. Free trade has secured the national contentment. The whole nation is thoroughly convinced that the Government is one with it, and will do all that it can to alleviate whatever disastrous consequences may ensue from the wet, cold season of 1860. All the people are now animated by a spirit of loyalty to the Throne, and of mutual sympathy; and in conjunction with the Government will lessen as much as possible, while they bear in common, the general misfortune. And all this we owe to the triumph of the great and civilizing principle of FREE TRADE.

#### TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

THE Count de Persigny, President of the Council-General of the Loire, and Ambassador from the Emperor of the French to the Court of Great Britain, has just made a remarkable speech. He states:—

"The military rôle of France is at an end. It affords me great happiness to be conscientiously able to say, that an era of peace and prosperity is dawning for Europe."

How does the Count know? He may know the intentions of his friend the Emperor, or he may not. But even if he do know, how can he conscientiously be able to state that such an era is about to commence, unless it be upon the supposition that France can command all Europe, and that the issues of peace and war are entirely in the hands of the Emperor. That they are so to an extent far greater than is consistent with the self-respect of the Great Powers of the continent, is, unhappily, but too palpable a fact; but that Napoleon III. is absolutely the lord and master, as M. de Persigny seems to imagine, is not quite so obvious.

If France will scrupulously confine her attention to her own affairs, the era of peace and prosperity will be nearer than it might otherwise be; but, even in that case, the fate of Turkey and the independence of Italy are events that are certain to be troublesome enough in their course towards completion to justify the world in believing that M. de Persigny is either too sanguine or too presumptuous. When he states that "the Emperor has placed France in her legitimate position without shaking the confidence of Europe," Austria, Prussia, and Russia—and even Great Britain—may stand aghast at the hardihood of the assertion. If France be in her legitimate position, and desires no further extension of her frontier, Germany may cease to fear for the Rhine, and Belgium for her independence and her free constitution; but when M. de Persigny asserts that the position, such as it is, has been attained without shaking European confidence, he calls black white, and perverts facts (perhaps innocently) to serve the Imperial purposes of the moment.

It is notorious to all the world, and ought to be so to M. de Persigny, that European confidence is shaken in everybody and in everything, except in Garibaldi and in the triumph of the Italian cause; and that the European system is so rotten—from St. Petersburg to Constantinople, and from Paris to Vienna—that there is not a Sovereign, great or small, in its whole boundary, who is not mistrustful of his neighbour; and not a nation or a nationality which does not distrust France more than it does its own rulers. M. de Persigny is one of the few honest men among the race of modern French statesmen. He no doubt speaks as he feels; but we are afraid that his pleasant convictions are due to his good heart rather than to his sound judgment; and that his picture of the future—painted *en couleur de rose*—is but the vision of an excited imagination. His Imperial Master knows better. When Napoleon III. shall disband two-thirds of his army, and induce Germany, Austria, and Russia to imitate his example, we may believe in the dawn of the new era of peace and prosperity—but not till then.

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## BIRD DESTROYERS.

THE shooting—by which we must suppose must be meant the “sporting”—season has commenced, and all the world is out upon the hills and moors in pursuit of health, recreation, and game. The organ of destructiveness is said by phrenologists to be one that requires a certain amount of cultivation and encouragement; if not, why should men angle, and hunt, and shoot? Or why should they destroy grouse and salmon, rabbits and hares, and not allow these animals to be slain for them by others, as sheep and bullocks are? Recognising to the fullest extent, claimed by sportsmen themselves, the advantages and desirability of sport, as a national pastime, and a useful and invigorating mode of passing a portion of the time that might otherwise be devoted to sedentary and unwholesome, if not otherwise vicious pursuits, we may ask if there is not, or ought not to be, a limit to what is called “sport?” If it be not sport to shoot a sheep on a moor, or a bullock in a meadow, ought it to be considered sport to shoot a strange bird, not needed for the food of man, that happens to wander into our latitudes? We see that a provincial contemporary—which is by no means singular in making such announcements—informs its readers that last week a specimen “of that rare and rich-plumaged bird, the hoopoe, was killed near Pattengates (Warwickshire), and that another was killed, a few days afterwards, within a short distance of Edgbaston, near Birmingham.” These occurrences are recorded without a word of comment—we presume because they are considered matters of course, and in every way natural and proper.

It may, perhaps, astonish the individuals who are so mischievously ready with their fowling-pieces or rifles to be told that sensible men who are not sportsmen, and other sensible-men who are, look upon such cruel and wanton destruction with disgust and abhorrence. By what right do these idle and foolish persons take it upon themselves to destroy any rare bird that may happen to wing its flight to England? Would it not be a pleasure and an advantage to all lovers of Nature if the hoopoe, or any other beautiful creature, once common in our isles, but driven away or exterminated by the silly people who unfortunately possess guns, should again be allowed to breed in our woods? We think it would, and cannot see why the rights of those who wish to preserve should be sacrificed to the fancies of those who wish to destroy. It is well known that the skylark, one of the greatest charms of the English landscape, does not exist on the American continent. Many attempts have been made to naturalize it, and hundreds and thousands of birds have been taken from this country, and let fly over Staten Island, and other parts of the American seaboard; but all in vain. The idle boys and rowdies—we will not say the sportsmen of America—no sooner beheld the beautiful visitants, and knew them to be strangers, than their guns were pointed at them, and down they came, wounded or killed. Not one importation of the many that have been made was ever allowed to thrive and propagate; and to this day America remains larkless. The same thoughtless barbarity prevails among ourselves, or why should the hoopoe be murdered by these snobs of Warwickshire? If one of these persons happened to stray into the interior of Africa, the Amazons of the King of Dahomey, or any other prowling savages who had fowling-pieces or muskets, might pop him off as a curiosity, for the same reason, and with no greater amount of injustice. If the mere act of killing with a gun be agreeable to such people, they might at all events confine their achievements to birds that are plentiful. The country could spare a few hundred sparrows or rooks to their murderous aim, with more satisfaction than a few hoopoes. And, more than this, if they love shooting, why do they not join a Volunteer corps, or an excursion to Mount Etna, and make themselves useful?

THE LATE JESSE HARTLEY.—Jesse Hartley, the Engineer of the Liverpool Docks, has, at the age of 80, quitted the scene of his labours. The miles of sea-wall fronting the Mersey on the Liverpool side—the forests of masts filling the Docks behind—the capacious entrances and locks, some fitted for steam-ships of the highest class—the immense Graving Dock—the stately warehouses—the extensive sheds—the connecting railway—and, lastly, the extraordinary traffic—show what has been effected by the labours of Jesse Hartley during the last thirty-five years. Liverpool has cause to be proud of the works and of the man who not only designed them but had charge of their execution, and who has thus saved to the enterprising and flourishing seaport some hundreds of thousands sterling. During his long reign as Engineer of the Docks, he built or repaired every dock in Liverpool, excepting George's Dock, the King's and the Prince's Docks; and of all these he strengthened the walls, and deepened King's Dock; so that it may be said that every dock in Liverpool bears the traces of his master hand. In earlier life, Mr. Hartley designed the bridge which was to have crossed the Thames from Norfolk Street, under the auspices of the late Duke of Norfolk, who was his patron, and who was attracted by his management of the works of Catterick Bridge. He was also the Engineer for the great stone bridge at Chester, the arch of which is 200 feet in span, the elevation of the bridge having been made by Mr. Harrison, the architect. His life was passed in real constructive engineering, free from parliamentary engineering contests and evidence, which have so seriously damaged the prestige of the profession. He was a thoroughly honest man, and an open and earnest hater of all shams. The character of his mind was like his person—large, strong-built, frank, and hearty; he stood as stands an oak, and has gone to his rest “full of days” and honour.

## THE RETURN VOYAGE OF THE “GREAT EASTERN.”

JUST at the time when the friends of Mr. Brunel are discussing the form which his monument should take, the *Great Eastern* has returned to England, and by its successful voyage established still more firmly the reputation of its lamented engineer and designer. Among the greatest of Brunel's achievements, there are none which will confer greater and more enduring benefits upon the world than that of his having reduced the voyage across the Atlantic to a minimum of eight or ten days. Twenty-two years since, the fastest American liners made the homeward passage in an average of 24 days, and the outward passage in 36 days. On the 8th of April, 1838, the *Great Western* steamed out of Bristol, and reached New York in 15 days; on the 16th of August of the present year, the *Great Eastern* left New York, called at Halifax, and arrived at Milford Haven on the 26th, having run the whole distance in 212 hours (8 days 20 hours). Both these ships were the work of Mr. Brunel. The *Great Western* reduced the time of the voyage by more than one half, and the *Great Eastern* has advanced upon its elder sister in very nearly the same proportion. These are great victories for one man to have achieved; who will venture, however, to say, that before the lapse of another quarter of a century, other minds as daring and other intellects as clear as those of the originator of the great ship, may not even surpass all that has been already accomplished in respect to ocean steam navigation?

Eight years of anxious thought, and of difficulties all but insuperable in their character; fire, bankruptcy, explosion; perils by land, and perils by sea; robbery and mismanagement upon a scale colossal as the great ship itself; the ruin of two joint-stock companies, and the absorption of nearly a million of money;—have accompanied the development of this great idea of Brunel. Slowly, but with a perseverance and energy which reflects credit upon the character of Englishmen, the noble ship was built up and completed, alike the wonder and the ridicule of the men of great and of small minds: the many nicknamed it “Brunel's Folly,” shrugged their shoulders, and hinted at the failure of principles which they did not understand; the few saw in it merely the development of known and recognised truths, and the elements of a grand and triumphant success. The problem which Brunel set himself to solve was, whether a vessel could be constructed of power and capacity to perform the voyage to Calcutta without stopping to coal by the way. A short time before this question was propounded, a great theorist had laid it down as an indisputable fact that no steam vessel could carry sufficient coal for its own consumption in a voyage across the Atlantic.

The voyage of the *Great Western* taught the world to rely, in this as in other matters, upon the practical man rather than upon the theorist. On the 12th July, 1852, a few shareholders, dispirited by want of success in their early efforts, and vexed at the partiality shown by a vacillating Treasury to a rival company, met together to consider their position, and receive back the money which they had deposited in the shares of the Eastern Steam Navigation Company. It was at this meeting that the announcement was made of the practicability of building and running with advantage such ships as the *Great Eastern*. A very small minority of the shareholders availed themselves of the opportunity to retire from the company; the majority persevered, built, and launched the ship, and left to a second generation of capitalists the task of completing and fitting the Leviathan for sea.

It is a mistake to suppose that the great ship was built merely for the purpose of obtaining a very high rate of speed. It would have been perfectly possible, by increasing the power of the engines and the number or capacity of the boilers, to have driven her at the rate of 20 or 25 knots an hour through the water. But that would have been incompatible with the other conditions required, namely, ample cargo space, and greatly increased comfort and convenience for passengers.

A speed of 15 knots would suffice to reach Calcutta or Sydney in thirty-two and thirty-five days. With all the disadvantages of improper trim, with the drawback of the long rank vegetation clinging to her keel, with engines stiff and new to their work, with engineers to a great extent unacquainted with the powers and working of the machinery, the great ship has made a run from New York to Milford of 2,980 knots, after allowing for difference of time of the longitude, at an average speed of 13.9, or within a mere fraction of 14 knots an hour. The total consumption of coals was 2,744 tons, or rather less than one ton per knot run,—a remarkably small quantity when the enormous tonnage of the vessel is taken into account. The *Persia*, which is not more than one-fifth of the size of the *Great Eastern*, consumes on her voyage across the Atlantic 1,700 tons of coal, and has never yet made the run in less than ten days, and upon her arrival in port in England or America, must take in a fresh supply of coal, while her great competitor would make the voyage to the Indies and back with the fuel which might be put in her spacious bunkers before she leaves Milford Haven. Though the average of the whole voyage gave 13.9 knots, there were three days when the distance run gave a speed of more than 14 knots. Judging from what has already been accomplished under the disadvantages referred to, it is not too much to assume that under more favourable circumstances the voyage from Milford to New York might be made by the *Great Eastern* in eight days. The future destination of the ship is, however, indicated by her name; the Atlantic affords no sufficient scope for the development of her best qualities, or for illustrating her wonderful adaptation for a long sea voyage.

There is one point in connection with the great ship which, by those who dread a sea voyage, will be regarded with more favour than perhaps any other,—that is, her perfect steadiness of motion. In the letter addressed by the passengers to Capt. Hall, we find the following passage:—“The large size of the ship affords such ample space for exercise, for saloon and berth accommodation, and for good ventilation, that on these grounds, as well as on that of entire absence of all disturbing pitching motion, she is far beyond all comparison with other vessels as regards the comforts of passengers.” Now that the great ship has established for herself a good reputation, it is to be hoped that she will be employed to a more useful and profitable purpose than that in which Barnum is such an accomplished master; and that for the future she may pursue her majestic course in some other than that very hottest of water which, up to the present time, appears to have been her “natural element.”

**CRYSTAL PALACE.—ARRANGEMENTS for WEEK ENDING**  
 SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8th.  
**MONDAY,** Great Fountains, and LAST DAY of HOLLYHOCK SHOW.  
**TUESDAY,** Great Concert, and Tonic Sol-fa Competition.  
**WEDNESDAY,** Performance by Scottish Choristers.  
**THURSDAY and FRIDAY,** the usual Band and Great Organ Performances. Display of  
 Fountains daily. Admission each day One Shilling; Children under Twelve, Sixpence.  
**SATURDAY,** Promenade Concert. Admission, Half a Crown; Children, One Shilling.  
 Monday, open at Nine; other days, at Ten.  
 Sunday, open at 1:30, to Shareholders, gratuitously, by tickets.  
**NOTICE.**—Half-Guinea Season Tickets, available from 1st SEPTEMBER till 30th APRIL,  
 1861, may now be had, at the Palace, at Exeter Hall, and the usual Agents.

**THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—ON MONDAY, SEPTEMBER**  
 3rd, and during the week, positively the last week but one, THE OVERLAND ROUTE;  
 after which, for Three Nights only, A GAME OF SPECULATION; the Affable Hawk, Mr.  
 C. Matthews; concluding with THE CHRISTENING. On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday,  
 after the Overland Route, USED UP; Sir Charles Coldstream, Mr. C. Matthews; concluding  
 with the KING'S GARDENER. Box office open daily from Ten till Five.

**NEW ADELPHI THEATRE ROYAL.**—Sole Proprietor and Manager,  
 Mr. B. WEBSTER.—LAST SIX NIGHTS of the Powerful Adelphi Drama of JANET  
 PRIDE. Triumphant Success of the Popular Burlesque of THE ENCHANTED ISLE. On  
 Monday, and during the Week, JANET PRIDE. Richard Pride (his original Character),  
 Mr. B. Webster; Messrs. J. L. Toole, Paul Bedford, Stuart, Selby, Eburne, Billington;  
 Mesdames Woolgar, Laidlaw. To conclude with the ENCHANTED ISLE. Messrs. J. L. Toole,  
 Paul Bedford, C. J. Smith, Powell, Romer, Miss Woolgar, H. Kelly.—Commence at 7.

**ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.**—Lessee and Directress, Miss SWAN-  
 BOROUGH.—The nobility, gentry, and the public are respectfully informed that this  
 popular Establishment will RE-OPEN for the Winter Season on MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 10th.  
 During the recess the Theatre has been elegantly redecorated by Mr. Hurwitz, of Southampton-  
 street, Strand. A new system of lighting the audience portion has been adopted and executed  
 by Mr. Verity, of King-street, Covent Garden. The Theatre will be thoroughly ventilated, on  
 a new and approved principle; and every care has been taken to ensure the comfort and con-  
 venience of the public. A new curtain has been painted by Mr. Albert Calicot. On the opening  
 night will be produced a new Comedietta, by Charles Selby, entitled THE PET LAMB, followed  
 by the immensely-successful Comedietta by H. Wigan, of OBSERVATION AND FLIRTATION;  
 after which will be revived the popular Burlesque Burletta of FRA DIAVOLO; or, THE  
 BEAUTY AND THE BRIGANDS.—Acting Manager, Mr. W. H. SWANBOROUGH.

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 each, or three in a case, 7s. Sold by every fashionable druggist and perfumer in all parts of the  
 world.—Laboratory of Flowers, 2, NEW BOND-STREET, London.

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## THE LONDON REVIEW AND WEEKLY JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1860.

ON Tuesday last, the laborious Parliamentary Session was brought to a close. The Royal Speech, read by the Lord Chancellor, was as follows:—

"My Lords and Gentlemen,—We are commanded by Her Majesty to release you from further attendance in Parliament, and at the same time to convey to you Her Majesty's acknowledgments for the zeal and assiduity with which you have applied yourselves to the performance of your important duties during the long and laborious session of Parliament now about to close."

"Her Majesty commands us to inform you that her relations with foreign powers are friendly and satisfactory; and Her Majesty trusts that there is no danger of any interruption of the general peace of Europe. Events of considerable importance are, indeed, taking place in Italy; but if no foreign powers interfere therein, and if the Italians are left to settle their own affairs, the tranquillity of other states will remain undisturbed."

"The proposed conferences on the subject of the cession of Savoy and of Nice to France have not yet been held. But Her Majesty confidently trusts that, in any negotiations which may take place, full and adequate arrangements will be made for securing, in accordance with the spirit and letter of the Treaty of Vienna of 1815, the neutrality and independence of the Swiss Confederation. That neutrality and independence were an object to which all the powers who were parties to the Treaties of Vienna attached great importance, and they are no less important now than then for the general interests of Europe."

"Her Majesty commands us to assure you that the atrocities which have been committed upon the Christian population in Syria have inspired Her Majesty with the deepest grief and indignation. Her Majesty has cheerfully concurred with the Emperor of Austria, the Emperor of the French, the Prince Regent of Prussia, and the Emperor of Russia, in entering into an engagement with the Sultan, by which temporary military assistance has been afforded to the Sultan, for the purpose of re-establishing order in that part of his dominions."

"We are commanded by Her Majesty to inform you that Her Majesty greatly regrets that the pacific overtures which, by Her Majesty's direction, her Envoy in China made to the Imperial Government at Pekin did not lead to any satisfactory result; and it has therefore been necessary that the combined naval and military forces which Her Majesty and her ally, the Emperor of the French, had sent to the China Seas, should advance towards the Northern provinces of China, for the purpose of supporting the just demands of the Allied Powers."

"Her Majesty, desirous of giving all possible weight to her diplomatic action in this matter, has sent to China, as Special Ambassador for this service, the Earl of Elgin, who negotiated the Treaty of Tien-sing, the full and faithful execution of which is demanded from the Emperor of China."

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,—Her Majesty commands us to convey to you her warm acknowledgments for the liberal supplies which you have granted for the service of the present year, and for the provision which you have made for those defences which are essential for the security of her dockyards and arsenals."

"My Lords and Gentlemen,—Her Majesty commands us to express to you the gratification and pride with which she has witnessed the rapid progress in military efficiency which her Volunteer forces have already made, and which is highly honourable to their spirit and patriotism."

"Her Majesty has given her cordial assent to the act for amalgamating her local European force in India with her forces engaged for general service."

"Her Majesty trusts that the additional freedom which you have given to commerce will lead to fresh development of productive industry."

"Her Majesty has given her ready assent to several measures of great public usefulness."

"The acts for regulating the relations between landlord and tenant in Ireland will, Her Majesty trusts, remove some fertile causes of disagreement."

"The act for amending the law which regulates the discipline of Her Majesty's Navy has established salutary rules for the administration of justice by courts-martial, and for maintaining good order in the naval service. The act bearing upon Endowed Charities will give means for a less expensive administration of the property of charities, and for the speedy and economical settlement of disputes affecting such property; while, by another act, relief has been afforded to Her Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects with regard to their charitable endowments."

"Several other acts have been passed for legal reform, which must lead to the more satisfactory administration of justice."

"Her Majesty has observed, with deep satisfaction, the spirit of loyalty, of order, and of obedience to the law, which prevails among her subjects, both in the United Kingdom and in her dominions beyond sea; and Her Majesty has witnessed with heartfelt pleasure the warm and affectionate reception given to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales by her North-American subjects."

"You will, on returning to your several counties, have duties to perform scarcely less important than those which have occupied you during the session of Parliament, and Her Majesty fervently prays that the blessing of Almighty God may attend your efforts, and guide them to the attainment of the objects of her constant solicitude—the welfare and the happiness of her people."

The parliamentary business, for some days previous to the prorogation, was not of much importance; its chief incident being a speech of the Lord Chancellor on Friday night, in which he passed in review the various measures of law reform which had been introduced during the session, but which had been sacrificed, one after the other, owing to the perverse cavilling spirit of certain members of the House of Commons, and the general indifference of Parliament for questions which do not create interest out of doors. A Bill of great importance to the community, for consolidating the statutes relating to Joint-Stock Companies, elaborately prepared under successive Governments, was approved by the House of Lords, and sent down to the Commons as early as March last. Although placed frequently on the orders of the day, it had been hung up until the close of the session, when, on objections being stated to some of its clauses, it was withdrawn from dread of lengthy debates.

In the same way seven bills for Consolidating the Criminal Law, prepared years ago, and passed unanimously in the House of Lords, have been postponed to a future session, in order that they may be canvassed clause by clause, in a committee of the whole House. Lord Campbell's opinion is, that if Bills of this kind are to be considered in detail by a large deliberative assembly such as the House of Commons, there is little chance of any great progress being made in our generation in the process of condensing and codifying an heterogeneous mass of statute law; the only way to secure a measure for the consolidation of Acts of Parliament, complete and consistent in all its parts, being to delegate the task of framing it to a small number of lawyers and magistrates, without any intention of subjecting their work to subsequent modification. The extent to which this proposal, if adopted, would affect our whole system of Parliamentary legislation is apparent.

Admiral Milne and a portion of the West-India squadron arrived at Quebec on the 17th instant, and the squadron accompanying the Prince of Wales on the following day. The harbour presented a magnificent sight. Ships, fortifications, and housetops were crowded with spectators, who have poured into Quebec from all parts of the British possessions and the United States, to give an enthusiastic welcome to the future Sovereign of England.

Garibaldi continues his triumphant advance towards Naples, having defeated his opponents at Piale: while 10,000 insurgents, concentrated for some days in the Basilicate, are proceeding towards the city of Salerno, where a revolutionary movement has taken place, and where they expect to meet Garibaldi, and to advance with him against Naples. The insurrection has spread into the great plain of Apulia, and along the coasts of the Adriatic, so that the whole country may be considered to have declared in favour of the invaders, with the exception of the limited district occupied by the main body of the royalist troops, which lies around the capital, and the adjoining towns of Capua and Gaeta. A rumour was current in Paris, on Wednesday, that the King had left Naples the day before, on board the *Stromboli*, and that the Piedmontese now occupy the forts. These statements are not confirmed by the last intelligence from the spot, which represents the city as still remaining quiet, although a conflict had taken place between a party of Sardinian *bersaglieri* and the Royal Guard. An appeal to the people had been published in the newspapers, calling upon them to rise in insurrection.

While the Bourbon dynasty of Naples is on the eve of extinction, Prince Joachim Murat has thought fit to issue a manifesto, in the form of a reply to adherents in Naples, who have importuned him to enter the field as a candidate for the crown. He will not, he says, be induced to accede to the request made him, unless his cause is adopted by a majority of the population—an event not likely to happen while public opinion in the Two Sicilies is controlled by the adherents of Garibaldi.

While such is the state of matters in Italy, the Emperor of the French is doing his best to allay the suspicions he has aroused in England and Germany. In the progress he has made with the Empress to the new French department of Savoy, he has had more than one opportunity, in the replies he has made to the addresses of the civil authorities, of giving publicity to his resolution henceforth to pursue a policy of peace and non-intervention. In his speech

at Lyons, he refers to the distrust excited against him abroad, and begs the industrious inhabitants of his manufacturing capital to take no heed of idle clamours, but to devote themselves to the pursuits of industry and commerce, in the firm belief that, at present, there is no reason to anticipate any serious war. In all places visited by the Emperor and Empress they have met with a warm welcome, and nowhere have they been received with greater enthusiasm than at Chambery.

The important words contained in the Emperor's speech at Lyons, were doubtless considered insufficient to unfold his new policy of peace. A commentary was necessary, and this commentary has been supplied by M. de Persigny in an elaborate address, which he delivered on Tuesday last, in opening the Council General of the department of the Loire. The most important statement in the speech of the ambassador is that the French Emperor is of opinion that the Russian war and the Italian campaign against Austria, have terminated the diplomatic difficulties which embarrassed the early part of his reign, and have so far solved them, as to render any future warlike demonstration on the part of France unnecessary, whatever may be the complications of European politics. The apprehensions entertained in Germany respecting the Rhenish frontier, and the fears of an invasion current in England, M. de Persigny does not consider worthy of serious discussion. "To believe," he says, "seriously that either England or France would be disposed voluntarily to produce between the two greatest powers in the world that formidable struggle in which they would both alike have everything to lose and nothing to gain, is the very climax of folly."

The efforts of the Emperor to increase the internal prosperity of France form the theme of several recent articles in the French newspapers. The most remarkable of these is a very long account, published in the *Moniteur*, of the improvements carried out in the French capital since the fall of the Republic. These great improvements have not caused a drain upon the revenues of the State. They have been, according to Dr. Veron, the author of the article in the *Debats*, on the contrary, a source of revenue to the city of Paris, its credit having steadily increased since they were undertaken.

At the last meeting of the Society for the Encouragement of the Science of Political Economy at Brussels, the national prosperity of France was discussed in connection with the probable results of annexation on the welfare of the people of Belgium, when it was shown by incontrovertible statistics that it would in the first instance double the present burden of taxation, raising the proportion of the public debt falling on each citizen from 130 to 250 francs. The unanimous opinion come to by the society, after a thorough investigation of the whole subject, was "that in every point of view—material, moral, and political—it is the interest of Belgium to remain free and independent."

The Committee of the Austrian Reichsrath has divided into two sections, each of which has published a political scheme. The result of the adoption of the proposal of the majority would be to confer a liberal constitution on Hungary, but to throw Bohemia and the German provinces more and more into the power of the nobles and clergy. It has been supported by eighteen members of the Reichsrath, representing the Hungarians and the Czechian aristocratic party. The programme of the minority, on the other hand, representing the German liberal party, is intended to secure a powerful system of centralization, on democratic and progressive principles. The measure is now in the hands of the President of the Council, and will be discussed at a general meeting of that body within the next fortnight, it being generally understood that the opinion of the committee will be approved of, that the Emperor will yield to the demand of the Hungarians, and that some mode will be found of pacifying the liberal German party by concessions.

Great excitement prevails in Hungary. General Benedek, a few days ago, returned to Vienna to resign his post as Governor of Hungary, he having refused, in the event of a hostile demonstration among his countrymen, to carry out coercive measures against them; but he has been persuaded to return to Pesth, and to remain there until the decisive debate in the Council of the Empire is over.

There is little news of importance from the East. The French and Russian parties are now at open issue in Montenegro, and murders have been recently committed by Turks in Servia, but there is no longer any dread of a general outbreak. Fuad Pacha conducts his prosecution at Damascus after the barbarous and treacherous fashion of a Turkish Pacha of the old school, inviting suspected persons to a friendly interview, and then quietly handing them over to justice.

A plan for the permanent government of Syria is suggested in a recent number of the French official paper, by M. Saint-Marc Girardin. He lays it down that the Christian population will not be safe until it is placed under the protection of a European military police. The jealousy of the Great Powers of course prevents any of them from sending troops into Syria for its permanent pacification; but this is no reason why some of the minor states, which are either neutral or inspire no distrust, should be debarred from supplying a force, to be supported by the Turkish Government, or by revenues raised for the purpose in the country.

A letter from Beyrouth, dated the 16th ultimo, states that vessels had arrived that morning with 2,000 French soldiers on board, who were to disembark in the evening, to the intense gratification of the European and native Christians, who have awaited their arrival with all the impatience of men whose lives and fortunes were placed in jeopardy by delay.

#### MONEY AND COMMERCE.

We commence our weekly review of corn, money, and other great elements of business, by stating that the price of new white English wheat per quarter—the best index to prices generally—was, in Mark-lane, on Wednesday, from 63s. to 67s. This is about the same as the price on Monday, but it is from 5s. to 7s. per quarter above the price of the previous Wednesday. There was no rise on Wednesday, chiefly in consequence of large arrivals from America. To have some starting points, we shall refer in this article to the condition of the corn market and the other elements of business at this time last year, so as to enable the unprofessional reader to form an opinion for himself. Then the price of similar wheat was from 43s. to 48s., and had a tendency downward. The average price of the six weeks ended the 18th inst. was 58s. 1d.; last year at the same period it was 44s. 4d. A similar fact may be noticed of all kinds of provisions. Potatoes, such as regents, were last year from 80s. to 100s. per ton; they are now from 100s. to 120s. As many are damaged and will not keep, they will be sent quickly to market, and the price at present may not rise very much, while it will average very much with the qualities of the potatoes.—Prime beef, which was last year from 4s. to 4s. 2d. the lbs. for the carcass, sinking the offal, is now from 5s. to 5s. 4d. Prime mutton was then 4s. 2d. to 4s. 4d., now it is 4s. 8d. to 5s. 4d. Thus the price of food, especially corn, is high, and is rising. One gratifying circumstance is that in the week the cattle and sheep markets have slightly declined.

The public is well aware that this peculiarity is the consequence of the weather. Its effect is to impede to some extent all kinds of trade other than that connected with the importation of corn from abroad, which it promotes. In July more wheat and flour was imported than the average monthly import this year, and more than in July last year. At the same time much less has been imported in the seven months of this year than last; but the deficiency will very soon be more than supplied by the large quantities which have been ordered from Russia, Prussia, and the United States. From the two latter the increased imports in July have come. The great fact of the time, so far as business is concerned, is the high price of food, with the tendency of the prices to rise, stimulating the foreign corn trade into unwonted activity.

The money market in the week has been active, and the demand considerable. Last year at this time the minimum rate of discount at the Bank of England was 2½, now it is 4 per cent. There is no obvious cause for a dearth of capital as of corn, yet it is comparatively scarce. This is probably more immediately the result of the demands of several governments than of any great activity in trade, or any unwonted speculation. On the contrary, there is comparatively little activity in our manufacturing cities and commercial havens; and, apart from the tendency of large imports of corn to lessen the bullion in the Bank, which curtails in like proportion the amount of legal tender, there is nothing in the condition of business to induce us to suppose that the demand for money will become extremely active at present. Expressing the facts in millions, the principal features in the condition of the Bank of England, which may serve as a clue to the condition of the money market, are as follows:—

	Week ended Aug. 28, 1859.	Week ended Aug. 22, 1860.
Notes in circulation .....	22·5	..... 22·0
" reserve .....	9·6	..... 8·7
Bullion .....	16·8	..... 15·6
Government securities .....	11·2	..... 9·6
Private ditto .....	18·3	..... 19·8
Government deposits .....	6·1	..... 5·5
Private ditto .....	14·1	..... 13·8

The lessened quantity of bullion, of Government and of private deposits, and the greater quantity of Government and private securities, with a diminished amount of notes in circulation and in reserve, all concur in indicating, as compared with last year, a less quantity of disposable capital, and a more active demand for it. The Bank of England has accordingly many customers for loans at its minimum rate; and in Lombard-street the best short-dated bills are discounted a little below this rate, while long-dated bills cannot be discounted under 5½ per cent. This diversity shows that distrust prevails amongst the monied classes, who will readily part with their cash on easy terms for very short periods, but, expecting a greater demand, will not lend it except on much higher terms for long periods.

At present Consols are about 93, and have been, with trifling variations, steady at that price for some time. Last year at this period they were 95½. Taking the London and North-Western Rail as one of the steadiest, the price of the shares was last year 96 to 96½; last week it was 102½ to 102¾. This week the prices have rather receded, but the comparison between it and the price of Consols indicates that rails are the more improving property. A deficient harvest will indeed lead to lessened traffic on railways, and in proportion the price of railway shares may not continue to rise faster than the price of Consols. Those who deal in stocks and shares make it their business especially to discount future prospects, and, therefore, the present dullness of the railway share market is in part the consequence of the anticipations that the traffic will not increase hereafter so fast as heretofore; otherwise the present prices of railway shares, in comparison to the prices of other stocks, are encouraging. And this is especially true of railway property in France and the United States. In fact, the value of the capital invested in railways and similar undertakings will increase with population and wealth, while State and other debts have in them no such healthy principle. They only rise in price when capital is very abundant, and funds in adequate employment.

Neither the prorogation of Parliament nor M. Persigny's speech, the two political events of the week of most importance, had any marked effect on the stock or the market. It continued steady after they had occurred as before, and prices underwent no material alteration.

Prices generally have for a considerable period been very steady. At this time last year, for example, the price of B plantation yellow sugar was 24s. 6d. to 31s. per cwt., now it is 26s. to 34s.; the price of congou tea was 1s. to 1s. 3d. per lb., it is now 1s. 1d. to 1s. 3½d.; and the price of plantation coffee was 55s. to 66s. per cwt., now it is from 58s. to 67s. 6d. Cotton is now much cheaper than it was last year at this time; then Upland at Liverpool was from 6d. to 6½d. per lb., now it is from 4½d. to 5½d. Great exertions have been made to secure a supply; none were made to increase the supply of food, and now the former is really in excess, and the latter very much wanted. Wool is something dearer than it was last year. On the whole, the markets for raw materials and colonial produce have been steady for some time. The demand has continually increased, but the supply has increased also.

The inanimation which has characterized the week, in which, except the rise in the price of corn on Monday, has not been marked by great changes, is not due to any want of enterprise, or any deficiency in the materials with which commerce deals. There is, however, some uncertainty as to the effects of a short

harvest, which has not been experienced for several years, and it is likely to be particularly injurious to some branches of business. To meet all the credit that has been taken in the expectation of the usual crop, there will be an insufficiency. Some traders must be less successful than they have anticipated. On whom the blow will fall,—the farmer, exposed to great expense to gather in his harvest, and unable to obtain a corresponding remuneration; the tradesman, who has speculated on what he was to gain from supplying the farmer, or the merchant, importing, perhaps, more corn than he finds a market for, as in 1847,—cannot yet be known; but the certainty that there will be losses make all distrust.

In most of the markets there was last week considerable activity, and this week there has been a proportionate dullness. We have already stated the chief prices, and have only to add that if the trade of the week be unsatisfactory, the whole trade of the year, as far as it is known by the official tables, is fully as large as ever. The value of the exports in July was £12,522,693, against £11,285,451 in July last year; while in seven months the value was £74,542,687, against £74,288,610 in the seven months of 1859. But it must be remarked that trade has increased relatively more with foreign countries than with our own possessions: the exports to the East Indies, which increased very much in 1859, have this year declined materially. The imports have increased, and in the six months amounted in value to £92,462,437, against £76,541,946 in 1859. This increase is partly balanced by a great falling off in the precious metals, the value of which imported in seven months was only £12,971,203, against £23,350,350 in seven months in 1859, and £18,506,331 in 1858. The imports, it must be remembered, comprise the raw materials of our manufactures and the basis of our enjoyments, and their increase augurs well for the future prosperity and wellbeing of the community.

#### SKETCHES FROM THE HOUSE.

BY THE SILENT MEMBER.

CAN I be mistaken? Does not the entire British nation breathe more freely? Has it not groaned in spirit under the never-ending, still beginning, daily cackle of St. Stephens. Does not all mankind rejoice at the cessation of the monotonous, ceaseless click-clack of the parliamentary mill? Are we any better than obstreperous street musicians, unskilled players of trombones, performers upon ill-tuned barrel-organs and asthmatic hurdy-gurdies, who outrage and affront Mr. Babbage Bull by playing under his nose and disturbing him in his peaceful and legitimate pursuits? Are we not a nuisance? Will any deny that we are an assembly of vain babblers, empty praters, self-seekers? If, in any mixed company of practical Englishmen, I admit I am a member of Parliament, is not the *onus probandi* upon me to show why they should not kick me? When I call my constituency together, is not the *onus* equally upon me to show why they should not turn me out? If any man of business conducted his affairs as we have conducted ours, would he not go into the *Gazette*? If any English matron dawdled and wasted her time as we have wasted ours, would not her children run about with holes in their stockings, and her household become a by-word? We are an example to the nation! Pshaw! Was there ever a worse House of Commons? Did any legislative assembly ever sit so long, talk so much, and do so little? Faugh!

My own particular sufferings have been indescribable. The bare remembrance of them excites the actions and ejaculations, such as proceeded from Miss Tabitha Bramble at the recital of Lismahago's tortures among the Indians. As for Mr. Bull, he takes up his morning newspaper, throws it from him with a grunt when he sees twenty columns of parliamentary drivel, takes it up again, and perhaps eliminates in a few minutes the half-dozen grains of wheat from the bushel of chaff. The talkative member, too, has his consolations. If his name do not appear in the debates to-day, it will be there to-morrow. He submits to be bored on Monday, in the hope that he may be allowed to bore somebody else on Tuesday. But a silent and not unpunctual member, who takes his seat with the Speaker at four o'clock, and likes to be in the House when the man at the door cries "Who goes home?" has no resource like Mr. Bull, and no consolation like Mr. Patter. The end of such a Session finds him reduced to the last state of mental prostration. Messrs. Ayrton, Edwin James, Danby Seymour, and Darby Griffith ought to be bound to carry him home on a shutter; with Horsman, Kinnaird, Malins, and Bentinck following, as an English relay; and G. Bowyer, Butt, Hennessy, and McGuire as an Irish contingent. These wretched representatives have not only ruined my health and nerves by keeping me out of bed until three and four o'clock in the morning: they have pursued me with unrelenting hostility into the land of dreams. The honourable and learned member for Marylebone has sat heavily upon me in a nightmare. The honourable and learned member for the Tower Hamlets has roasted and basted me at the stake, and worse than all, has harangued me with that air of concentrated conceit, and the itch for talking on any and every subject, that has made him the most stupendous bore in St. Stephens. Mr. Bull may believe me or not, as he likes, but I assure him, on the faith and honour of a silent member, that if the score of M.P.'s I have enumerated had been clapped under lock and key at the beginning of the Session, we should have had time enough to pass both the Reform Bill and the Bankruptcy Bill. I suppose there is not a lunatic out of Bedlam who would maintain that public business would have suffered anything by their absence. Avenge me, I pray you, virtuous Tabitha Bramble, against these fell destroyers of my health and patience,—these ear-torturers, these organ-grinders. Make wry faces, ejaculate, spit at the recital of their cruelties. And then conceive, if you can, my unutterable delight on Tuesday, when the Usher of the Black Rod, in all the splendour of blue-and-gold, knocked at the door of the House of Commons, and asked me (with others) to please to step into the House of Lords and hear something to my advantage.

The bores and metropolitan members (they are nearly convertible terms) mustered very strong on the last day of the Session. Our Noble Viscount was, of course, the central figure of our Parliamentary Gallery. We all looked at him with interest and pride, so fresh, so jaunty, so active, so cheerful, so buoyant did he appear. Our Noble Viscount, be it remembered, has ridden a "waiting race." In the earlier days of the Session he left the running to his Chancellor of the Exchequer. Then Lord John took it up, and we had a neck-and-neck race

between Reform Bill and Budget, which ended in Budget breaking down at Paper Hill, and Reform Bill falling lame at the straight running. The Attorney-General, upon Bankruptcy, then came to the front, but, becoming petulant, he threw up the reins in a tiff. Our Noble Viscount now for the first time drew ahead, and from this moment to the end of the Session he was never headed. According to the most careful and accurate calculation I have been able to make, our Noble Viscount has been in the House one hundred-and-two hours, after midnight, since Parliament met on the 24th January. Such an amount of night-work, superadded to his ordinary ministerial duties and anxieties, would have killed half a dozen "fine young English gentlemen." Our Noble Viscount, when he stood at the bar of the House of Lords on Tuesday, to hear his own Speech read by his Lord Chancellor, looked a little pale, and somewhat thinner, since he listened to the voice of his Royal Mistress in the same spot, but appeared to be in the enjoyment of undiminished vigour of mind and body.

I must leave the other members until I return from the House of Lords,—so anxious am I to appear at that bar, perchance to be told that I am, by the faults of others who are not Silent Members, an idle and unprofitable servant and subject of Her Majesty. The Parliamentary mill was in full clack when Sir Augustus Clifford tapped at the door. Baillie Cochrane had found time to "call attention" to the Militia; Spooner was going to "call attention" to the rainy weather; Edwin James and Mellor to the necessity of appointing two Solicitor-Generals at the next vacancy; and Ayrton to the abominable loquacity of certain members, which has all but prevented him from getting in a word edgeways. But Black Rod advanced to the table, and making three obeisances, said,—"Mr. Speaker, the Lords Commissioners desire the immediate attendance of this Honourable House in the House of Peers, to hear the Commission read." If he had left Her Majesty on the throne, would Sir Augustus have held such civil parley with our honourable House? No. Black Rod would have said, with a stern and peremptory air,—"Mr. Speaker! The Queen commands this Honourable House to attend Her Majesty immediately in the House of Peers."

The Speaker rises and leaves his chair; Lord Charles Russell comes to the table, and seizes the gold mace, and then we all march off to the House of Lords. Arrived at the bar, we put our Speaker in the centre, with Black Rod on one side of him, and our Sergeant-at-Arms on the other. Our Noble Viscount, as our most distinguished Parliament man, stands on the right of Black Rod, and Sir Charles Wood, as the next senior Minister, and not at all as a distinguished Parliament man, on the left of the Mace. For the rest of us, we push and shove ourselves into the best places, after the manner of Englishmen, that is, to our mutual discomfort, and without the least necessity; and then we look round, and compose ourselves, to the due enjoyment of the imposing spectacle.

The throne was uncovered, and so were the royal chairs of state. Between the steps of the throne and the woolsack was a long cushioned seat, upon which several "objects" were placed, who seemed at first to be guys, but whom, on a closer inspection proved to be the Lords' Commissioners. There were five of them, and all wore cocked-hats, and the scarlet robes of peers, barred with ermine. The figure in the centre was discerned to be the Lord Chancellor, by his full bag-wig and a three-cornered hat, such as one sees in the portraits of his illustrious predecessor, Sir Thomas More. On his right was the Duke of Somerset, and on his left Viscount Sydney, who bore a white wand, and had a white rosette on his robe, in token of his office of Lord Chamberlain of the Household. The other Commissioners were Lord Stanley of Alderley, and Lord Montague. They all sat covered.

We are in the House of Lords, but not one spiritual peer graces the ceremony. Yes, a single bishop occupies the right reverend bench. It is the new Bishop of Rochester, who preaches against fairs and horse-races, but will hardly persuade our Noble Viscount to give up his stud. Behind the bishop there is a dreary waste of empty red benches. A tall good-humoured face is seen peeping at us from the glass door of the Council Chamber. It is our late Speaker, Viscount Eversley, who no doubt rejoices over his deliverance from Mr. Ayrton, and thinks we have not improved much in regard to legislative deeds and doings since he stood at that bar, groaning because the period of his captivity was not accomplished. On the Opposition side, ten ladies, in morning costume, occupy the second bench. Two of the fairest, charming daughters of the Queen of Beauty, may be as proud of the wit and personal charms of the Sheridans as of that Lord Protector Somerset, first duke of their line, whose head rolled from the scaffold. The Diplomatists' Gallery contains the well-known features of Baron Brunnow, the Russian Ambassador, who has brought a Russian prince to witness the ceremony. I hear that the Stranger's Gallery was occupied by ladies, but as they were not visible from the bar, they do not properly enter into my sketch.

I hope the distinguished Russians are edified by our politeness. The new bishop and the ten ladies appear to be profoundly impressed with the ceremonies that begin as soon as we come to the bar. First, Mr. Speaker, who has no hat to take off, makes a lowly obeisance with his bewigged head. Then the Lords' Commissioners simultaneously raise their hats and replace them. Then our Speaker, delighted to find himself in such agreeable company, makes them another low bow. Then the Lords' Commissioners, not to be outdone in politeness even by the "first commoner of the realm," again lift their hats and again put them upon their heads. Then our Speaker, punctilious as a Spanish hidalgo of the reign of Charles V., transported to be *vis-à-vis* to such polite gentlemen, makes another low obeisance, and again five black cocked-hats are lifted in the air, held at arm's-length, and replaced. "Compliments pass when gentlefolks meet;" and, the first civilities over, we severally apply ourselves to business.

The Lord Chancellor, taking off his hat, said,—"My Lords and Gentlemen,—Her Majesty not thinking fit to be personally present, has caused a Commission to be preferred under the Great Seal, for giving the Royal Assent to certain bills." The Royal Commission, which is always "by the Queen herself signed with her own hand," and attested by the Clerk of the Crown in Chancery, is then read in a mumbling voice (one of the ancient usages of Parliament) by one of the clerks

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at the table, called the Clerk of the Crown in Parliament, or the Reading Clerk, because he never can read. When the clerk came to the names of the right dearly-beloved cousins and councillors appointed of the Commission, the Lord Chancellor, according to custom, raises his hat, in token of respect to the sign-manual and the Queen's pleasure. One of the other Lords' Commissioners seeing civilities going on, and being somewhat new to the business, also raises his hat, but, discovering his mistake, replaces it upon his head in some little confusion. Then the other Lords' Commissioners, as they are severally named, also make their obeisances, and by and by the precipitate peer is able to take off his hat at the proper place.

The ceremony of giving the Royal Assent to the bills is then gone through. It is in this wise: The Clerk of the Crown stands on the west side of the table, with his face to the Lords' Commissioners. He makes an obeisance to their lordships, and then reads the title of a bill, after which he makes another obeisance. The Clerk of the Parliaments (Sir John Shaw Lefevre), standing on the other side of the table, and facing the Lords' Commissioners, first bows, then declares the Royal Assent, and then bows again. As there were fifty bills and four bows to each bill, this made up the number of two hundred obeisances, or one hundred to each clerk. Everybody knows that the Royal Assent is signified in Norman-French, which, to the uninitiated Russians in the gallery, sounded like the French of Cockaigne. The bills of supply—the only bills carried up and presented by our Speaker's own hand—received the Royal Assent, according to immemorial usage, before all the other bills. The Clerk of the Parliament pronounced the Royal Assent to these bills in the well-known words:—"La Reyne remercie ses bons sujets, accepte leur bénévolence, et ainsi le veult." For the public bills the form of expression was "La Reyne le veult." When the Clerk came to the private bills, he said, "Soit fait comme il est désiré." Sir J. Lefevre's predecessor embodied the traditions of a hundred Parliaments in his style of pronouncing the Royal Assent. It was the style peremptory and despotic, such as befitted the ungracious minion of a Tudor or a Plantagenet, who for two pins would chop off Mr. Speaker's head. But when this peppery old gentleman had barked his last *veult*, the whole thing was seen to be inconsistent with Reform-Bill days and the reign of Queen Victoria. Sir J. Lefevre's tone is tempered by a consciousness of constitutional government. It is not wanting in dignity, but there is a dash of mildness in it, suited to these later days of popular power and mutual concession in the great council of the nation.

After the bills had received the Royal Assent, the Lord Chancellor, still covered, proceeded to read the Queen's Speech. His Royal Mistress would have read it a hundred times better. His Lordship's voice was pitched too low, as if he were charging a grand jury, instead of addressing a crowd of gentlemen twenty or thirty yards off. His tones were slightly tremulous; yet, making allowance for occasional indistinctness, Lord Chancellor Campbell read the Royal Speech with great deliberation and impressiveness. "Great virtue in an 'if,'" said my neighbour, as the Lord Chancellor read,—"If no Foreign Powers interfere in Italy, and if the Italians are left to settle their own affairs, the tranquillity of other states will remain undisturbed." Our Noble Viscount, we pronounced, had put a very good face upon our do-nothing Session—made Her Majesty say she had "given her ready assent to several measures of great public usefulness"—praised our measures of law reform—and finished by saying, "You will, on returning to your several counties, have duties to perform scarcely less important than those which have occupied you during the Session of Parliament," "which," we added, "may very well happen."

The commission for proroguing Parliament was then read, with the same ceremony of each peer raising his hat when his name was mentioned. The Lord Chancellor declared Parliament prorogued until Tuesday, the 6th November, which, it will be observed, gives Guy Fawkes a chance. Mr. Speaker and the Lords' Commissioners now took leave of each other, with the same ceremonies as before, but for a longer interval, as they mutually hoped, than until the 6th November. We returned to our own House where the Mace left the Speaker at the door, as a token that the right honourable gentleman's authority had departed, and that all that was now to be done was private, unauthorized, and unofficial. The Speaker went to his chair, and, standing, read the Queen's Speech; the members also standing bare-headed, and listening in attitudes of respectful attention. Mr. Bernal Osborne, jocular, as usual, drew attention to the fact that old Mr. Spooner, the great parliamentary champion of Exeter Hall, and antagonist of Maynooth, and Sir George Bowyer, the member for Rome, and champion of the Pope's temporal rule, stood side by side—unconscious of each other's proximity—as the Speaker read the Speech. Our Noble Viscount then went up to the Speaker and congratulated him upon the cessation of his arduous labours. Sir C. Wood, Sir C. Lewis, Mr. Villiers, Mr. Brand, Mr. Walpole, Mr. Seymour Fitzgerald, Sir Frederick Smith, Mr. Cobbett, Mr. Scholefield, Sir J. Duke, Mr. B. Osborne, Mr. Bass, &c., followed. Even Mr. Ayrton had the hardihood to present himself, and to tender his congratulations; and such was the good humour of the moment, that he was not snubbed. And thus ended the Session of 1860, leaving us, as a legacy, its stormy and chequered memories of a Commercial Treaty, a Paper Duty repealed and restored, a War Income Tax in peace, the legislative *pièces de résistance* of the Session sent back to the kitchen to be re-cooked, Savoy and Nice annexations, an expenditure of £76,000,000, and Garibaldi in Italy. Session of great promises and little performances! I would accept the Chiltern Hundreds if I thought I should have to groan and sigh, and lose my rest over many such.

**THE EXCURSION TO ETNA AND VESUVIUS.**—The armed party of excursionists to Southern Italy has been organized in London, and will shortly leave England. In Scotland the movement has been very successful, the numbers of volunteers enlisted at Edinburgh being already 110; while the numbers enlisted in Glasgow had risen on Tuesday night to 160, the first volunteers' meeting having taken place only on the previous day.

#### TOWN AND TABLE TALK.

(From our Pall Mall Correspondent.)

THURSDAY EVENING.

THE Town is more empty than ever. It is not alone the Upper Ten Thousand that are fled; but the entire population seems to have abandoned the West-end. After the late season and the bad weather, tourists seem to have concentrated all their energies to get away by the 1st of September. The cheap trains have done their part, and no one is left in town but the poor Government officials and the gentlemen of the press,—or, at least, as many of both sets as are still required for the business of the nation. The few people to be met with in the streets have a country air about them. The cabs loiter and crawl more than ever. This "creeping," as it is termed, is an offence under the Police laws—but there never is a policeman when he is wanted, to enforce law and order. These creeping vehicles are most dangerous to foot passengers who desire to cross the streets; for, whilst counting on the slow pace of one, another comes by at a dangerous speed, and the unwary traveller on the *pavé* is knocked over before he knows where he is. The crossing-sweepers and the beggars rather aggravate the evil. The policemen neglect this part of their duty altogether. If Sir Richard Mayne will not look to it, the public press must redress the grievance.

A considerable number of our more enterprising tourists have made their way to the stirring scenes of Sicily and Southern Italy. The majority go for pleasure, including several of our senators, just released from one of the longest, latest, and most wordy Sessions of Parliament on record; but not a few of our spirited young Volunteers seem to have more than mere holiday-seeking in view. The "Excursion to Mount Etna," which has been planned by the friends of Garibaldi, has assumed very large proportions, and has a shrewd air of business about it. There are already more than 800 fine young fellows enrolled, and it is expected that the party will be made up to 1,000 before their departure, which is fixed for next week. It will not be easy to overtake them. If the excursionists do not quicken their movements, they will miss the interesting sight of the embarkation of the last of the Bourbons from the shores of that most splendid country, which they have kept in slavery and misery so long. The appeal made by the noble ladies of England, for relief of the sick and wounded volunteers of Italy, has been nobly answered. But much is still wanted. The sufferings of those who have been struck down by the hired oppressors of their country are described in late letters as very severe. There is only wanting to announce this fact to arouse the warmest sympathies of the men as well as the women of England to hasten to their relief.

Although the Session is but barely over, there is abundant evidence already to show that a great accession to the "business" of next year will proceed from the necessity of legislating for the metropolis, which cannot be much longer deferred. The streets and thoroughfares *must* be looked to. The public buildings, and the so-called works of art, which disfigure, instead of ornamenting the metropolis of Great Britain, are positively disgraceful to us as a nation. Mr. Cowper had better look to it in time. If he is not prepared with plans to remedy some of the most glaring defects in the public monuments of London, and to do something in the matter of widening the great existing thoroughfares, and providing new ones, the public will begin to ask what is the use of his office. We would advise the metropolitan members also to make themselves up in these matters, for they will brook no longer delay. Instead of wasting the public time over crude attempts at over-legislation, and squabbling over supplies, they must endeavour to get up the supplies for the relief of the public streets and the improvement of the public buildings. Instead of providing new constituencies, the constituencies that exist will demand some reform in the system that interferes with the comfort, and arranges the business of every one who has occasion to pass from one part of this crowded city to another. It is not so crowded just now; but that is the very time to see the defects, and to study the remedies.

Mr. Disraeli remarks—in "Coningsby," if we recollect right—that at no time are the streets and buildings seen so well as in the grey light of the early morning. The members of the House of Commons had many opportunities of this sort lately. They could admire the Strand (which Mr. Disraeli calls one of the finest streets in Europe) as they passed up from Whitehall, and they could see how much that great thoroughfare required to be prolonged through the Park to the West, whither the town is already so far extended, and whither it is still extending so fast. There is only the old statue in Charing-cross (which is much better than many of the new ones), and two or three houses in Spring-gardens that stop the way. The public must insist upon this most necessary opening being made, as well as on the demolition of the ugly stables of Carlton House, and the completion of Carlton-terrace, which will pay a good share of the expense. The public will demand, too, if we are not mistaken, that something should be done to make Trafalgar-square more worthy of its name and situation. It is a good site, although not the best in Europe, as Sir Robert Peel called it, who knew as little about Europe as any honest English statesman of his time.

The question of the Artisan Volunteers remains at a standstill. Lord Salisbury still declines to enrol them, although it is understood that Lord Palmerston is strongly in favour of the idea. Should the Marquis not alter his decision, we understand that the first battalions will be raised in Surrey, the Lord-Lieutenant of which county is favourable to the movement.

The statue of Jenner is not a bad one, but it is entirely out of place. Surely a more appropriate site could be found for the commemoration of one of the benefactors of the human race. The statue of Sir Charles Napier is so bad that it ought to be put anywhere but in the prominent position where it is placed on trial. We do not like this system of placing great stone memorials upon trial. It is so difficult to get them removed. The statue of the Duke of Wellington on the arch in Piccadilly was the ugliest thing in London, until the Guards' memorial was erected in Waterloo-place. And yet the respect felt for "the Duke" and for the valiant warriors who defended the flag of England through the wintry campaigns of the Crimea, will probably keep these two prominent deformities of modern London where they are.

The small sum voted for the interior accommodation of the National Gallery will probably be laid out by Mr. Pennethorne, according to the proposed plan, in such a way as to increase the accommodation of the building. But so long as the Royal Academy remains, we cannot hope for anything like a building worthy of a national collection of pictures.

However little has been done this Session respecting the three much-abused institutions at Brompton, Bloomsbury, and Trafalgar-square, the ground has been somewhat cleared for future operations, and next year we may be able to profit somewhat by past failures, and put all three houses in better order.

The Industrial Exhibition at Kensington will go on in 1862. The guarantee fund subscribed is £358,000, and the commissioners of 1851 have granted the ground.

Messrs. Longman have some new works of interest in preparation. A new edition of Moore's "Lalla Rookh," with numerous illustrations from original designs by John Tenniel, engraved on wood by the brothers Dalziel, will be ready in October.

The same publishers have obtained possession of the "Autobiography of Mrs. Piozzi," with a collection of her letters. This collection has remained, since her death in 1821, in the family of her late physician, Sir James Fellowes. The autobiography will be published shortly.

The "Narrative of the Canadian Red River, and Assiniboine, and Jaskatchenan Exploring Expedition," drawn up by Mr. Henry Youle Hind, professor of chemistry and geology at Toronto, is preparing for publication by Messrs. Longman. A series of thirty photographic views of the scenery will be published simultaneously with this work, by Mr. W. J. Hogarth, of the Haymarket.

A "Treatise on Mills and Millwork," by William Fairburn, corresponding member of the National Institute of France, is in the press.

On Monday next Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson will conclude a sale which has been going on during the past week, of miscellaneous books. Among the lots will be found a rare collection of the works of the poet George Withers. We call attention to Lot 774, being the first edition, which was suppressed, of "Abuses Striped and Whipt; or, Satirical Essays." It may not be known to most of our readers that it was for these identical "Essays" that the poet suffered imprisonment in the Marshalsea, which gained for English poesy his celebrated "Shepherds Hunting." Lot 788.—"Meditations Upon the Lord's Prayer," is interesting from the fact of its great scarcity, most of the copies having been destroyed in the Great Fire of London.

The City Corporation Library will be reopened on the 1st of September. It now numbers upwards of 4,000 volumes. The library is open daily for visitors, from ten till five. Admission can be gained by introduction by a member, or by tickets, which the members of the corporation have the power of giving. The visitor will find the rules similar to those of the reading-room of the British Museum. A portion of the library is selected for circulation among the members, and thus the exclusiveness common to royal and corporate libraries is, in this particular, departed from.

It may be interesting to our readers to learn that the committee charged with the collection of Napoleon the First's writings (some volumes of which have already appeared), have a suite of rooms devoted to their interesting labours in the Palais Royal, where clerks are employed in making clean copies from the almost incomprehensible writings of the first emperor. The patience and skill with which some of these relics have been deciphered are astonishing. Some, indeed, which we saw not very long since, appeared like so much yellow paper blurred with brown ink.

The St. James's Theatre is about to pass out of the hands of Mr. Chaterton, jun., and Mr. Willott. Mr. Alfred Wigan, late lessee of the Olympic Theatre, is the new entrepreneur. He has taken a lease of the house for seven years.

A very interesting first appearance took place at the Princess's on Monday evening. It was that of Miss Marie Harris, the daughter of Mr. Augustus Harris, manager. The piece in which this young lady appeared was a farce called "The First Night," an amusing version of "Le Père d'une Débutante." It is well known from the English form in which it was presented at the Olympic Theatre. The interest of the performance on Monday night, at the Princess's, lay in the striking fact that the father was really instructor and father, and that the daughter was truly pupil, daughter, and pretending and veritable actress. The entire performance was highly and deservedly successful.

At the late Albert Smith's famous Egyptian Hall, a comprehensive and splendid Diorama of striking points and places in Europe is to be speedily submitted to the public. It is to be a first-class exhibition, with high aims; and the name of Mr. Charles Marshall is ample guarantee that, in pictorial respects, the panorama will be unique.

The "South Devon Marine Hotel Company," has purchased one of the finest and most romantic sites in Devonshire for a palatial hotel. This spacious and noble establishment is to be placed amidst the cliffs and spreading woods of Kingswear, on the Torbay side of the Dart. This splendid hotel, which will be the precursor, we anticipate, of a beautiful little seaside town, will be close to one of the most interesting places in the kingdom—Dartmouth. By means of the new railway, extending from Torquay to Dartmouth, the Marine Hotel will be brought within five hours of London. It is to have two seasons, a summer and a winter one. Myrtles, magnolias, and olives bloom in the open air; roses are to be found in January; and the climate is genial, sunshiny, and delicious as that of the south of France, without its extreme heat.

#### WILLS AND BEQUESTS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

THE HONOURABLE JOHN WILLIAM FORTESCUE, of 17, Grosvenor-square, London, formerly M.P. for Barnstaple, died at Madeira, on the 25th September last, aged 40, having executed his will there only a fortnight before his death. He was the second son of Earl Fortescue, K.G., and has left personal property valued at £12,000, which he bequeaths to his family, with a few exceptions in favour of some personal friends. He leaves to his brother, the Hon. Dudley Francis Fortescue, M.P. for Andover, a life-interest in the sum of £5,000, and the prin-

cipal at his decease he gives to his brother's children. There are two legacies, one of £1,000 to the Bishop of London, for church endowments in his diocese, and the other of £500 for church and educational purposes in the locality of the family residence at Castle Hill, Devon, Lord Fortescue having the patronage of six livings—three in Devonshire, and three in Lincolnshire. The testator's brother, Viscount Ebrington, is appointed sole executor and residuary legatee. The Earl of Portsmouth and Viscount Ebrington are nominated trustees.

JOHN HENRY CANCELLOR, Esq., who was one of the Masters of Her Majesty's Court of Common Pleas, a magistrate for Middlesex and Surrey, late residing at Barnes, Surrey, and St. Leonards-on-Sea; formerly of Chester-terrace, Regent's park, and of Sergeant's Inn, Chancery-lane; died at Guildford, on the 22nd of June last, aged 62. This gentleman made his will on the 13th of February, 1852, to which he added a codicil two days prior to his decease. The personal property was sworn under £8,000. This, of course, is exclusive of the realty. The executors named are Charles Canceller, Esq., the brother; the Rev. John Henry Canceller, the son; and Mrs. Canceller, the relict, but who is not acting. His freehold estate at Barnes he has left to his widow for her life, and on her decease to revert to his eldest son John, to whom he also leaves his freehold property situate in Gray's Inn-lane, and an equal share in the personalty together with his other children.

JAMES BRAND, Esq., merchant, of New Broad-street, London, and of Bedford Lodge, Balham, Surrey, died 12th of June, 1860, aged 64, possessed of estates, real and personal, the latter estimated for probate duty at £350,000. The will is dated 25th of January, 1855, to which are added four codicils; and he has distributed his immense property, real and personal, almost entirely amongst his family. He bequeaths to his relict an income of £3,000, besides miscellaneous effects. The estate of Milnathorp, Kinross-shire, devolves upon his eldest son James. His other freeholds he directs to be sold, and the proceeds to merge into his personal estate. He bequeaths amongst his daughters, in equal shares, the sum of £102,000, besides other legacies, and a further sum of £30,000 to be divided in like manner amongst them on the decease of his relict. The sons are appointed residuary legatees. The executors being Mrs. Brand, his sons James, Andrew, and Harvey, together with Mr. Peter Gurge, of Fenchurch-street.

JOHN WALMSLEY, Esq., of Dewlish House, Dorset, formerly of the Circus, in the city of Bath, died on the 20th of July last, having made his will on the 6th of July, 1853, which was proved in London on the 20th of August, by Richard P. Long, Esq., the nephew, and Richard Walmsley, Esq., the son, two of the executors. The testator died possessed of both real and personal property, the latter being £45,000. Mr. Walmsley inherited considerable freehold and landed estates under his father's will, which are to descend to the five sons of the testator in succession. The sons being thus amply provided for, the testator has bequeathed to his relict and four daughters the rest of his estate, together with the personalty; the relict taking a life-interest. The estates which will ultimately fall in he bequeaths to his grandson, John Walter Hawkesworth, the son of his daughter Florentina, and John Hawkesworth her husband, with a desire that he should assume the name of "Walmsley."

THE REVEREND THOMAS CLAYTON GLYN, M.A., of Durrington House, Sheering, Essex, and of Orsett-terrace, Gloucester-gardens, Hyde-park, formerly of Gladwins, Essex, died, at his town residence, on the 17th of June last, aged 71. He executed his will on the 8th November, 1854, which was administered to his eldest son, Clayton William Feake Glyn, Esq., who is nominated sole executor. The testator is the son and heir of the late Colonel Thomas Glyn, from whom he inherited considerable landed property; the greater part of the estates are, however, settled upon his (the testator's) eldest son, to whom he also leaves the rest of the real estates. He also leaves to his eldest son his carriages, furniture, and other effects absolutely, excepting the plate, jewellery, and pictures, which are to come into the possession of the party inheriting the mansion and estate of Durrington, and to be considered as heirlooms. This gentleman was empowered, under his marriage-settlement and other covenants, to raise the sum of £13,000, to be applied for the benefit of his younger children, and has divided the residue of his property amongst all his children, with the exception of his eldest son and his youngest daughter.

SIR WILLIAM HORNE, Knt., Q.C., of Ponsfield House, Herts, and Upper Harley-street, London, who died a widower, on the 13th of July last, at the age of 87, was possessed of real and personal property, the latter sworn under £30,000. The will is dated 10th June, 1852, and there are three codicils. Probate was granted on the 20th of August to his executors, namely, the Rev. William Horne, his eldest son, and Henry Egerton, Esq., barrister, Lincoln's-Inn. The estates are under settlements, and his property he has bequeathed to his said son, the Rev. W. Horne, in trust, to carry out certain stipulations for the benefit of his children. Sir William was twice married, and has left a large family. He was a bencher of Lincoln's-Inn, and obtained a silk gown in 1830; had held the offices respectively of Solicitor-General, Attorney-General, and a Master in Chancery, having declined the acceptance of a Judgeship. He represented Hedsden, Newport, and Marylebone successively in Parliament.

#### THE GOUTY PHILOSOPHER.—No. VIII.

##### MR. WAGSTAFFE WRITES THE EULOGIUM OF STUPIDITY.

ERASMUS wrote the praise of Folly. I write the eulogium of Stupidity. I have never read the book of Erasmus, and probably never shall; and neither know his argument nor the instances by which he supported it. This fact I mention, lest I should be accused of plagiarism. As Coleridge says in one of his prefaces,—“There are such things as fountains in the mind;” and we must not imagine that “every stream we see flowing must come from a perforation made in some other man's tank.” My ideas on this subject—such as they are—are mine own, drawn out of my own fountains; although Erasmus, out of his fountains, may, for all I know, have drawn a very similar liquor. But I consider my theme a much greater one than his. A fool may be a wise man; and a wise man may be a fool. Folly may be either a deficiency or an excess of wisdom. “The follies of the wise” would make an instructive book, or even a whole library; but Stupidity, without a scintillation of wisdom, transcends Folly a thousandfold, is a greater power in the world, and one of the steadiest bulwarks of civilization and society.

I know very well the kind of criticism with which I shall be met in attempting to do justice to this great subject. I know the old and stale quotations that will be employed. “Who sells great authors' works should,

sure, himself be great." "Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat." "Who writes of snobs should be himself nobissimus." "Who writes on folly is himself a fool;" and "Who praises stupidity is himself a prince and a leader of stupids." But I take such quotations at their value, which is very small; and say my say in spite of them.

The advantages of Stupidity are not confined to the stupid person himself, but extend their benign ramifications through all the society, state, commonwealth, system, or civilization of which he forms a part. Is it not palpable to every one who looks carefully around him, that all his happiest friends are the most stupid, and that men of great intellect are seldom either contented in their minds or prosperous in their circumstances? It may be laid down as an axiom, that a certain amount of stupidity is absolutely essential for worldly success. *Il n'y a que les imbécilles qui sont heureux.* Experience shows that a very intellectual shopkeeper or trader will generally allow his vagrant intellect to divert him from the narrow path that leads to wealth, into the broad way that leads to bankruptcy. The stupid man, who has just wit enough to buy cheap and sell dear, never picks a pocket or forges a bill, or gets into any trouble that he cannot get out of. Fools may do such things, and fools only; but respectable Stupidity, looking after cent. per cent. by the recognised roguery of trade, would no more think of such aberrations from the line than a jackass or a porker.

It is only genius or talent that gets itself into difficulties, and that miscalculates the means to its end. The truth was exemplified by Æsop—a very able and doubtless a very unhappy man,—in his popular fable of the Hare and the Tortoise. The hare was genius, and went to sleep, full of confidence in its own powers to win anything against any opponent. The tortoise was the stupid and estimable man of business, who attended scrupulously to the task set before him, and so left genius in the lurch. Did ever a poet make money, unless he had some commonplace business to attend to, in addition to his poetry? Shakspeare the manager of a theatre, looking after the main chance, may have gained a fortune; but Shakspeare the poet, we may be sure, never gained a penny by his poetry. Was there ever an inventor—a man of an ingenious mind, a lively fancy, and a ready hand, always taking out a patent for some admirable contrivance of utility or beauty—who was not poor and wretched?—or who was not compelled, for want of a few pounds, to part with his patent to some stupid capitalist, with just sufficient brains to know that a good thing was to be made out of the brains of another? The man of genius is always in advance of his time, which consequently does not care for him, and allows him to starve; but the stupid man is of his time—with it—in it—lives by it, and would scorn to march an inch ahead of it. Let a man write a thousand books, and he will be voted a bore; but let him sell a thousand cheeses, or a thousand pairs of boots, and he will gain a comfortable per-cent, and no one will hate him or be envious of him for being better than his neighbours. The invariable tendency of Intellect is to make a man dissatisfied with himself and his kind; but Stupidity is warm and comfortable, and never complains. Occasionally, "when it thinks that it thinks," it may be heard quoting, parrot-like, after its heavy dinner, washed down by its heavy port, the lines of Pope:—

"—— in erring Reason's spite  
One truth is clear—whatever is, is right."

And, after all, Stupidity is right, and Reason is a firebrand, that would set the world in flames, if it could work its wicked will. Luckily for the world, Stupidity is the wet blanket that puts Reason out, and saves us from the misery of the conflagration. A man of any intellect at all cannot but be discontented with much that he sees in his own condition, and in that of his fellow-creatures; but Stupidity takes the world as it finds it—eats well, drinks well, sleeps well, and grows as sleek, as fat, and as pursy, as it can. Behold the sow upon the dunghill, stretched at full length, with the sunshine streaming down upon her ponderous carcase, in the warmth of which she lazily twitches her little curly tail!—what cares she for wars and rumours of wars? or for the countless miseries that afflict both the just and the unjust? Let the lean philosopher groan over such matters, for he is a fool, and may have some degree of sense; but the sow is no fool, but a stupid. Satisfied with her dunghill and her sunshine, she grunts her acquiescence in things as they are—too complacently comfortable even to pity the beggar who passes by and envies her her apathy.

The public advantages of Stupidity are of a still higher order, and stand on a far more comprehensive basis. Folly is the Liberal and the Reformer, but Stupidity is the great Conservative. It is this element of society that keeps its framework together. Stupidity—dense, solid, granitic, with its *vis inertiae*—enables society to bear unshaken all the storms, buffettings, and angry waters of theory and philosophy, that would otherwise wash it away. If the world, by any unhappy fatality, were at some future day to contain none but clever men and women, it would speedily become an unfit place for a gentleman or lady to live in—a world of wolves, and tigers, and boas-constrictors. Instead of one war, every forty or fifty years (as in our stupid age), there would be war perpetually; foreign war, civil war, household war,—war in every shape, form, and degree,—triumphant anarchy, and a gradual disappearance of the human race. Behold the silkworm, what a stupid creature it is, and yet for what immense quantities of its beautiful bowels trade and luxury are indebted to it! Then look at the spider; he also can spin silk, finer and better than that of the silkworm. But the spider is not stupid. On the contrary, he is remarkably clever; and what is the consequence? Put him with his fellows—say a thousand or ten thousand of them;

and instead of spinning silk, like stupid silk-worms, the whole community will take to quarreling, out of the sharpness of their intelligence. War and death rage in the factory, and lead to ultimate annihilation of spiderdom. So would it be with men, were it not for Stupidity. At considerable intervals a man with a keen intellect comes into the world—a fool only, and not a stupid by any means,—and he discovers and proves to his own satisfaction that monarchy, or aristocracy, or priesthood, or the accumulation of wealth, is an evil that ought forthwith to be abated. There is immediate danger of an uproar. Were it not for the influence of blessed Stupidity, the whole nation would begin to think, and the end would be REVOLUTION. What has caused the misfortunes of the French, from 1789 to 1815, and from 1848 to 1860? Their intelligence, i.e., their folly—nothing else. They were not quite stupid enough to be happy and contented, so, foolish Monsieur Jean Jacques Rousseau and foolish Monsieur de Voltaire set them a-thinking on the wrong tack; and lo, the vessel of state was cut loose, and floundered out into the deep waters of doubt, dismay, and hopelessness, where it still drifts about, unconscious of a harbour, sometimes in the possession of a mutineer, at others in that of a pirate, and more generally with some captain or other who knows no more than the crew whither he is going and what he wants.

A social philosopher—a fool, certainly, but as certainly not a stupid—preached to the world, about a dozen years ago, the great doctrine that the good things of this world ought, in common fairness, to be equally shared amongst all mankind, and that there could be no such thing as poverty in any true scheme of civilization. "Property," said he, with a loud voice, "is theft." If everyone had been as clever, and as foolish, as this philosopher, and had assented to his logic, where should we all have been by this time? Back again into barbarism,—or very close upon it. But the benevolent and beneficent agencies of Stupidity came to the rescue. Few people heard of the philosopher—still fewer understood what he meant,—and Stupidity, when it did hear, and did understand, instead of grunting and laughing him down, as it ought to have done, if it had been true to its own nature, became somewhat alarmed, and began to squeak, like the sow, its prototype, when the knife of the butcher is ominously near its throat. A very strong man, and no fool, saw the opportunity thus afforded him, and made himself Lord and Master, by force of the acquiescence of Stupidity, and has consoled it, flattered it, and fattened it ever since. Under his fostering care, Stupidity has grown richer than ever; and foolish intellect has had to look for a home somewhere else than in his dominions.

Nor in our own realm is there much, if any, chance for those fools, the over-ardent reformers, and the apostles of a new social philosophy. You may batter down stone walls, but a fortification of mud and earth defies your cannon-balls. You may send your shot through Vauban's masterpiece of building, but you can do nothing against bales of cotton. How are you to reason with midges? You can kill them by thousands (which proves nothing), but they come on in millions. To argue with a crowd, in a direction contrary to their Stupidity or their prejudice, is to attempt a more hopelessly-aggravating task than that of Sisyphus. For what use are the old rats left, unless for Stupidity to travel in? Stupidity takes the comfortable side, and does not meddle with principles. It cobbles the old shoe, and does not fashion a new boot. It sees that there may be one abuse here, or another there, but feels that it would be far too much trouble to attempt to remedy it. It admits that there may be a deluge, but says "it will not be in my time;" and, like a good, easy, amiable creature—which it is,—tells poets to sweep crossings, and not bother their brains; and philosophers to grow mangold-wurzel, or spin calico, or retail adulterated stout, and not perplex themselves about the schemes of Providence or the happiness of society.

I like Stupidity. It keeps the peace. It anchors the ship. It favours the Lord Mayor's coach. It supports Law and Physic. It maintains crino-line and men's hats. It unsettles nothing. It is the break and the buffer of the train. It makes the world habitable; and if you are a man of genius, and by any chance happen to become fashionable, it shouts and follows in your track without knowing anything about you; and swells the chorus of your fame with its multitudinous gruntings. Blessings upon it! In its case the prayers of the Eastern people for the despotic sovereigns are fulfilled. It lives eternally. Its shadow never grows less. Law supports it. Literature panders to it. Fashion loves it. Custom perpetuates it. Respectability worships it. It pervades the earth like an atmosphere, and, though the stars of genius shine through it, men live not by the stars, but by the air. It is great as truth, and, like the truth, it prevails. STUPIDITY FOR EVER!

#### RAMBLES BY RAIL.—No. IV.

BY THE BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST TO PORTSMOUTH.

THE Brighton Railway is the most useful ventilator of London. As a health-restorer, it produces a material and beneficial effect on the weekly returns of the Registrar-General. Its chief representative may be not inaptly termed Volunteer Sanitary Commissioner, or Physician-Extraordinary, to the Metropolis. He has a most extensive practice; and the remedies he prescribes are by no means harsh. The illustrious Dr. Sangrado had one specific for all diseases—whatever the complaint, he invariably bled the patient, and administered copious draughts of warm water. Mr. Slight, too, like the doctor in "Gil Blas," has always the same remedy to recommend for the preservation or restoration of health,—he orders sea-air and sea-bathing. The physician's fee varies, to suit the means of his different patients; but, though there is a scale of

charges, all who are worn down by toil of hand or toil of brain, receive the same advice, and for the fee paid—whatever be its amount—are presented with opportunities of following the directions of the physician. These opportunities occur with great frequency. Twelve times a day carriages loaded with patients leave London for Brighton and the various watering-places on the south coast. Hastings and St. Leonards to the east; Worthing, Bognor, Littlehampton, and the Isle of Wight on the west,—attract large numbers of the health-exursionists. But the vast majority of those who leave town proceed no further than Brighton. In general the fares thither are 10s. 6d., 8s., and 5s.—first, second, and third class respectively. On Sundays and Mondays, however, as all Londoners know, passengers are conveyed to "Brighton and Back for half-a-crown." And in such numbers, and with such frequency, do they go—Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Heretics—that they have come to regard Brighton as their peculiar heritage, invented specially for their use. So they have cockneyized it,—made it the largest watering-place in the world—and caused it to be looked upon and spoken of as London-super-Mare.

On Tuesday, last week, an unusual circumstance occurred—the day was extremely fine! Unable to resist its influence, I fought my way through the deafening, granite-wearing, traffic of London-bridge, and jumped into a train, which immediately afterwards started off for Brighton. It was a fast train, and we soon flew by the Crystal Palace, passed Norwood, left Croydon and Reigate behind us, darted through the tunnel that pierces the South Downs, and, in eighty minutes, reached the terminus at Brighton. As the traveller emerges from the station, the town stretches itself out before him—ragged, chalky, comfortless, with every appearance of having been made to order, and dropped from the clouds in packages. A nearer examination does not dissipate this impression. The houses—in street, square, and terrace—seem to have been built by the same architect, who modelled them after those rows of opera-glasses we see in the shop windows of opticians. But the genuine excursionist does not stop to criticise or to admire houses and streets (he has plenty of ugly houses and streets at home); he has come down—either with "some other young fellows," or, very likely, with his wife or sweetheart—merely for the "blow;" and a blow he determines to have. He scents the sea; accordingly for the sea he makes; and there, on the beach, finds himself one of four or five thousand who have come with the same intentions. All are well provided with eatables, and some even carry drinkables, in the consumption of which they amuse themselves during their eight hours at London-super-Mare. Whatever is the state of the weather, they invariably come clothed in summer costume; are nowise careful to avoid getting wet (for they imagine getting wet at the seaside to be, if anything, beneficial to health), and are very anxious to sit close to the margin of the sea, for the spray to play in their faces. At night they return in a most deplorable condition—cold, wet, and miserable, but well pleased;—for, have they not seen the sea, and have they not had their "blow?"

I did not stay at Brighton, but left by the next train, and in a quarter of an hour got out at Worthing. When we arrived at the station, the rain fell in torrents, and had not an omnibus been in waiting, I should have got wet to the skin before reaching the hotel, although it was not ten minutes' walk. The omnibus drew up in front of the Marine Hotel, and there I ordered dinner and a bed. I saw the little town to much disadvantage. The weather kept visitors within doors, and the only occupants of the beach were half a dozen bathing-machines and two fishermen, crouching for shelter behind some boards. Worthing, however, has the reputation of being a quiet, pleasant watering-place, with excellent facilities for bathers. It certainly does not "go ahead" as rapidly as some other places; but that, with many, will be considered an advantage and a recommendation.

The following day turned out fine, and shortly after breakfast I was again on the rail. The first station at which the train stopped was Arundel. There two omnibuses awaited our arrival. One takes passengers to Littlehampton, a small bathing-place on the coast, two miles off; the other runs to Arundel town. I entered the latter, and, after a pleasant ride through a pretty country lane, alighted at the Norfolk Arms. Arundel is a town of high antiquity, and has many interesting historical associations; but it would probably be overlooked by tourists, were it not for the presence of the neighbouring castle, which is the seat of the Duke of Norfolk. The building at present occupied by the Duke is of modern date, of various styles, and is impressive only from its size. Enough, however, of the ancient pile remains to satisfy the curiosity of visitors. Having procured a ticket of admission, at the hotel, I presented myself at the entrance-lodge, and was conducted through a series of steps and passages to the Keep. Here the chief attraction is a colony of owls, that appears to divide the favour of the wonder-seeing public with the donkey at Carisbrooke Castle. Some of them are remarkably fine creatures, and one, who paid particular attention to me, was, I will maintain, the descendant of him who, for his wisdom and the gravity of his appearance, was called Lord Chancellor Thurlow, and, as such, was introduced by the unconscious keeper to that great legal functionary when he visited the castle. By the time I had seen all to be seen in the castle, and paid a visit to the church, the omnibus was ready to return to the station. I was again a passenger by it, and arrived at the station just in time to get my ticket. Two stations from Arundel is Woodgate, where an omnibus meets each train, to take passengers to Bognor, a little watering-place, much esteemed, but which bears a family likeness, and has a similar character, to the other towns on this coast. The rain came down with such force that I did not venture to leave the carriage. I continued my journey to Chichester, with a commercial traveller as my *vis-à-vis*, and arrived there by the express at twenty minutes past four. Chichester is the successor of ancient Regnum. The neighbourhood is rich in relics of Roman times—mosaic pavements, urns, and coins, occurring in all directions. The present city, extended on a level plain, gives one the impression that it fell asleep 150 years ago, and has not yet awoken. The cathedral and campanile, and the houses in their vicinity, present precisely the same appearance as they do in pictures of that day; and the same groups seem to lounge about the market-cross that lounged there when the sketch was taken. In the cathedral I could not help feeling a slight degree of surprise to find ladies dressed in the present mode; and when I sat down to dinner at the Dolphin Inn, I every moment expected to hear the sound of the guard's horn, announcing the approach of the mail-coach to Portsmouth. It is an old, quiet, and agreeable country town; and few who have visited it, especially if they have

come from the noise and worry of London, but will look back with pleasure to the days or hours they spent at the birth-place and burial-place of the poet Collins.

#### EMBANKMENT OF THE THAMES.

A SHREWD observer of men and things once commented upon what appeared to him the remarkable fact that rivers ran through all the principal cities which he had visited; a good, but unlettered Yorkshireman, known as the Village Blacksmith, when occupying a London pulpit during the prevalence of the cholera, exhorted his congregation to gratitude to Providence for having sent the Thames through London, and by so doing mitigated the severity of that terrible scourge in the metropolis. Topsy believed she grew; and there are many Topsies in London who believe the same of our noble river, and who seem to think that the operations of nature are sufficient to preserve its navigation free and open to all time and under all circumstances. They have no idea—for they have never contemplated the possibility of such a contingency—that it could ever be other than it now is. There are, however, indications not merely of the possibility, but the probability, that at no distant date the river will cease to bear merchant navies upon its bosom, unless some means are adopted to preserve its navigable condition. It is in its passage through the metropolis that the Thames suffers the greatest amount of injury, and it is mainly with a view of providing a remedy that we would recommend the construction of a continuous solid embankment between Westminster and London bridges.

Let us glance at a few of the agencies constantly at work to destroy the Thames. First, there is a general tendency in the sea, on the eastern coast of England, to destroy the land, and to silt up the estuaries and mouths of the rivers. The estate of the Earl of Godwin is now the Goodwin Sands; ancient Cromer is now washed over by the German Ocean; Norwich once stood on the banks of an arm of the sea; and the port of Harwich, which at one time would have afforded shelter to the largest ship of the line, will now scarcely protect a frigate. The same powerful agent which causes the "silting up" of rivers may, however, by engineering science, be applied to the removal of these obstructions. The tides which break up the rocks, and undermine the tall cliffs till they totter to their base, and fall into the ocean, pour millions of tons of water every twelve hours into our rivers. They come laden with the *debris* of the shores, which they deposit on the bars and shoals of tidal streams. But the hydraulic engineer perceives in the ebb a power greater than that exerted by the flow of the tide, inasmuch as it carries down with it the river water, which it had to contend against in its upward progress from the sea. The tide pours into the Thames twice every day a body of water, the depth of which, at particular seasons, is not less than 21 feet at London-bridge, and which gradually decreases, until at Teddington Lock, which prevents a further flow of the tidal waters, it is but from 1 foot to 2½ feet. Between Westminster and London bridges an average of 28,000,000 cubic feet of water is thus supplied every twelve hours. This quantity of water provides an invaluable means of scouring or cleansing the part of the river between London-bridge and Greenwich. In the same manner, a similar volume of water between Vauxhall and Battersea bridges would act as a scour for the part between London and Westminster bridges. There exists, however, various obstacles to the flow of a large quantity of water beyond London-bridge: the principal of these are in the steep gradients of the bed of the river. Between London and Westminster bridges the total rise is as much as 13 feet, or about 6 feet 6 inches per mile; while from London-bridge to the Nore, 43 miles, the descent is but 21½ feet, or only 6 inches in the mile. Beyond Westminster-bridge, and up to Teddington Lock, the river is really nothing more than a succession of shallow ponds, separated by shoals. Such is the difficulty which the tide has to overcome in order to ascend the river, that, although it has gained 4 or 5 feet in height at London-bridge beyond what it has at the Nore, still at Vauxhall the high-water mark is considerably lower than at London-bridge.

The causes of this condition of the river are to be found principally in the removal of Old London-bridge. This structure operated as a dam at the point where it stood. The diminution in the number of arches, and the increase of water-way, has admitted a greater flow of the tide up the river, and there has been in consequence a gradual deepening of the water above the bridge, by the removal of portions of the bed; but the parts so removed above bridge have been deposited lower down, in the Pool, and other parts of the Thames. The tendency of ages would be, in the opinion of Smeaton and others, to bring the Thames to an uniform level; but this opinion does not appear to be corroborated by actual experience of what is going on at present. The operation of this change, as pointed out in the report of the Commissioners, founded upon the evidence of Mr. Page and other engineers, has been to cause a higher rise and lower fall of the tide than heretofore, and is producing, as was also to be expected, a general though not uniform lowering of the level of the river bed. Father Thames, if left unaided, will make but slow work of improving his bed, and ages will pass on before a uniform level will be obtained, even if he were left free and unfettered to his work. But the shoals of irregularities that are to be removed offer obstacles to the action of the tides which they will never be able to overcome. There is a want of uniformity in the bends and curves of the river; there is a disproportion between the breadth and volume of the waters; there is the varying nature of the materials forming the bed; and, added to these, there are the artificial causes provided in the projections and recesses which abound on either side of the Thames; irregular dredging, and many other evils which have been inflicted upon the unfortunate river, by the cupidity of those who reside on its banks, or the neglect and inefficiency of those to whom its conservancy was formerly entrusted. The waters of the Thames are constantly struggling with the irregularities occasioned by partial embankments, and they strive, by deposit of mud-banks, such as those at Hungerford and elsewhere, to build up for themselves boundary-lines uniform in their outline. Those offensive banks of mud are the silent protests of the river against that gradual and unprincipled encroachment to which we referred in our last number, without plan or condition, which have been made upon its noble waterway. Until the banks are regular and uniform, the tides will not do their work of scouring and deepening the river. The question to be answered is, "Shall we assist the operations of the river by a regular and uniform system of embankment?" If this is not done, shoals will be formed below

London-bridge by the deposits which the ebb tide will carry down with it, and the navigation, in the most important part, will be seriously affected. If it were not for the happy circumstance that the tide rises at London-bridge much higher than at the Nore, large vessels which now come up to the docks would not be able to do so. If, by the formation of new shoals and banks, we permit this advantage to be neutralized, we shall, by our neglect, as effectively close the river, and destroy the trade of London, as if we had sunk barges, laden with stone, for the express purpose of accomplishing that object. Everything that can be done to lower the bed of the river above London-bridge, provided it is not done in irregular patches, will have a corresponding effect below bridge; because there will be a larger quantity of tidal water available for clearing away obstructions in its passage to the sea. The construction of an uniform embankment would greatly assist this flow of water, by giving to it an increased velocity. The solid embankment would of course displace a quantity of water equal to its own bulk; but that displacement would be more than counterbalanced by the removal of the mud-banks on the side, the material taken from the bed of the river, which would be used for filling up between the walls, and the gradual deepening of the channel which would consequently take place. With the exception of the brick or stone which would form the facing, the whole materials of the embankment would be taken from the bed or shores of the river.

Hitherto we have spoken only of the advantage which would result from embanking the river within the metropolis, so far as its navigation would be effected. It must not be forgotten, however, that the construction of two new roads in the river, for such is the only proposition worthy to be entertained, would provide invaluable means of communication between London and Westminster bridges, and relieve the overcrowded thoroughfares of a large portion of their passenger and goods traffic. The journey from Charing-cross to the Bank has become, in point of time, almost as long as from London to Brighton; and to reach the cluster of railway stations at London-bridge, at certain hours of the day, is, for all practical purposes, an impossibility. The mere money value of the time lost in going to or returning from the City or the railway stations, would, in twelve months, more than suffice to build the Thames Embankment. The amount of annoyance, disappointment, souring of temper, to say nothing of the myriads of those unholy expletives which are used by the angry passengers, the cabmen, the buss drivers, and others, as a sort of safety-valve to their feelings, would, if it were possible to prevent them each day in any visible shape, a record afford, the most extraordinary evidence of the endurance of Londoners, and the readiness with which they will grumble and submit to inconvenience rather than exert themselves to provide a remedy. One is weary of hearing of improvements in the "communications of the metropolis." It is a subject almost as old as the embankment. When London was first built there was no necessity for roadways, for there were no carriages to run upon them: Britons, and Romans, and Saxons walked to their Banks, and Exchanges, and Crystal Palaces; and ever since the introduction of the first carriage for royalty, or hackney-coaches for the commonalty, and carts and vans for the traders, there has been a constant struggle to widen and adapt the streets for the new description of traffic. Railways have created so much additional traffic, that the accommodation provided half a century ago is as unequal to the requirements of the day as were the old Pudding-lane and Pye-corner of the Stuarts to the augmented traffic of London-bridge in the time of the last of the Georges. The House of Commons, and other authorities who are supposed to look into these matters, act in regard to them with the strangest inconsistency. Last year it was decided by a committee of the House of Commons, that if a railway were made from Charing-cross to the railway stations at London-bridge, crossing the Thames at Hungerford, it would materially relieve the traffic going east and west of Temple-bar, and a bill was passed, graciously permitting a company to spend one million of money to carry out that object. This year it is thought good to admit all the traffic from the northern and north-western districts of England; and from the southern and south-eastern counties, to be concentrated into the very heart of the city of London, in the small valley formed by Holborn-hill and Skinner-street on the one side, and Ludgate-hill and Fleet-street on the other. What will be the state of things when this London, Chatham, and Dover, and the metropolitan railways, are completed it will not be difficult to predict. At arrival and departure of each train the leading thoroughfares will become all but impassable, and the city of London will be the great focus for goods and passengers to and from all parts of the United Kingdom and the continent. The metropolitan parliament, miscalled "the Board of Works," commenced last year what they called a new street, from Southwark to Blackfriars-road, with a view of diverting some portion of the traffic from the City. Beyond pulling down a few houses in the Borough, nothing, however, has been done. A sum of £30,000 was assigned out of the produce of the extended coal tax of 8d. per ton, towards a new street in Southwark so far back as 1840, but the work is no nearer completion than it was twenty years since.

The high price of land and property in London is a serious difficulty in the way of all projected street improvements. The new street made some years since from Oxford-street to Holborn cost, for land and property, at the rate of £57,380 per acre; the one from Bow-street to Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury, £67,827 per acre; the short line from Coventry-street to Long Acre, £119,871 per acre; and, a short time since, some land was sold to the City at the rate of more than £500,000 per acre. When land within the metropolis is of such enormous value as this, surely it would be worthy of consideration to take two new roads out of the river Thames, more especially when the area can be well spared, and the formation of the roads would be attended with benefit to the navigation of the Thames itself. A road forty feet wide—about the same width as London-bridge—could be made along the north side of the Thames, between Blackfriars and Westminster bridges, with carriage-way, footpaths, and balustrades, for £214,695. It is not half the cost of one of those iron-plated monster frigates which we are now building as a doubtful experiment; and but little more than the amount of one day's national expenditure.

A third great and useful purpose which an embankment in the river would serve, would be the providing means for constructing a portion of the great low-level sewer. This sewer could be built in the embankment, and thus avoid the great public inconvenience with which the metropolis is threatened of having the whole line of the Strand, Fleet-street, and the thoroughfares leading eastward blocked up for many months, while the work of building

the sewer is going on. It is impossible to estimate the loss to the tradesmen along these streets, the annoyance to the public, the danger to house property and to public buildings, which the excavations required for this monster sewer must entail. The committee of the House of Commons which has just reported in favour of the embankment, has fully recognised the importance of providing for the construction of this sewer along the foreshore of the river; but if the recommendations of committees and commissions without number were of any avail, we should not now have to impress upon the public, and more especially the residents of the metropolis, the necessity of adopting some measures to induce the executive to act upon these repeated recommendations, and give the necessary powers to somebody to do something towards carrying out what every one must feel to be a great and much-needed public improvement.

#### AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

THE following letter has been forwarded for publication. It appears to be a very extraordinary document. The signature, P., is the first letter for "Persigny," an illustrious individual, honoured lately by an epistle as remarkable as any that ever reached Rome, in "the good old times," from Caprea. Can it be possible that the following is the genuine, truthful reply to the Imperial missive? We offer no opinion; but leave the matter to the judgment of the reader.

"SIRE,—Il faut que la franchise engendre la franchise: votre lettre est un chef-d'œuvre du style loyal et franc; je tacherai d'y répondre de la même façon.

"Vous avez raison: les affaires sont compliquées à un tel point, qu'il est à craindre que ni les conversations personnelles (la ruse usée de votre Oncle), ni les lettres franches et cordiales ne réussissent à les débrouiller. Vous vous trompez, Sire: c'est une nation pratique et opiniâtre; elle regarde les faits, et non pas les mots. Votre lettre est excellente pour le théâtre ou pour un roman, mais elle est trop diaphane pour les Anglais. Comme vous m'ordonnez, je l'ai lue à Milor Palmerston. Mon Dieu! que vous l'eussiez vu pendant la lecture! Il est diplomate aux os; mais l'esprit du vieux railleur a presque dominé sur la contrainte du ministre, et il m'était clair qu'il avait beaucoup de difficulté de ne me pas rire au nez. Oui, Sire, c'est un coup manqué: vous allez trop loin; vous dépasserez la ligne de la dissimulation; votre lettre n'est pas naturelle, et nécessairement elle devient suspecte. S'il y avait un seul trait de loyauté dans vos antécédents, les Anglais pussent s'y confier—mais où trouverai-je ce trait pour leur montrer?

"Quoique élevé et discipliné dans les arts de la diplomatie, j'ai de la peine à maintenir mon sérieux quand ce diable de Palmerston me dit, en passant, avec son sourire malin: 'Eh bien! mon cher Persigny! avez-vous reçu une autre lettre de votre ami?' Dans le Parlement il n'y a que les gobe-mouches qui actuellement accordent le moindre conséquence à votre lettre. Même M. Bright, votre meilleur ami, n'en parle que très faiblement. Quant aux journaux, le *Times* a l'air d'y ajouter foi; mais quoique tous les Anglais lisent le *Times*, il n'y a que très peu qui suivent ses opinions vacillantes: le *Times* est le grand organe des nouvelles du monde, mais il ne guide, ni ne réfléchit les opinions des Anglais. C'est avec beaucoup de peine que j'observe que votre ami M. Bright tombe en décadence de jour en jour. Son éloquence (et il en a, prompt, brusque, et mâle), perd son importance: ses motifs ressemblent à votre lettre, ils sont trop diaphanes. J'ai cru que ce M. Bright soutiendrait vos intérêts à merveille; car quoiqu'il soit tout-à-fait aveugle aux conséquences, il est animé par un esprit de haine si acharné contre les classes bien nées qu'il y avait à espérer qu'il inoculerait le peuple avec le venin de ses projets. Il me rappelle les hommes de notre première révolution—regardez-le! il est boule-dogue! On dit ici que s'il n'était pas démagogue il serait *prize-fighter*. Pauvre homme! il vient essuyer et effacer avec des boules de coton le sang rouge d'une nation qui a été chevaleresque!

"Mais ce diable de peuple est un animal *ruminant*; il savoure et avale avidement les nouveautés frappantes; mais après, il *rume*: il a ruminé les *speeches* de M. Bright, et il ruminera votre lettre. Au commencement de la Session, depuis Cicéron, il n'y avait été d'orateur comparable à M. Gladstone. Eh bien, le Parlement, le peuple, quoiqu'ébloui, au premier moment par l'éclat de son éloquence, ont ruminé; en ruminant ils ont séparé la farine du son; et M. Gladstone, au lieu d'être le dieu de son parti et de la nation, est la risée de tout le monde.

"Quand un fripon qui est reconnu pour fripon veut jouer le rôle d'un honnête homme, et parle ou écrit d'une manière franche et loyale, il réveille la défiance au lieu de la confiance, et ses actions sont observées de plus près que jamais. Il n'y a pas de doute que votre lettre accélérera la formation des défenses Anglaises. A quoi bon, Sire, en face des faits, nier que votre armée et votre flotte sont d'une telle ou telle force, quand tout le monde peut vérifier que vous ne dites pas la vérité? Ces assertions ne mènent qu'à la perquisition, et la perquisition vous accablera de honte. Toutes les puissances de l'Europe sont, à ce moment, au guet, et vous ne pouvez lancer un seul vaisseau, ou recruter un seul régiment sans exciter plus de méfiance. On dit que les Anglais ne sont pas de bons diplomates; mais vous avez éveillé non pas leur peur, mais leur jalousie pour la préservation des richesses et des libertés dont ils sont si orgueilleux. L'histoire du dix-septième siècle vous prouve que les Anglais peuvent se battre pour les principes aussi bravement que les Français peuvent se battre pour la gloire. Vous pouvez avoir des songes d'avenger la Waterloo et votre armée peut brûler d'envie de piller la plus riche ville du monde; mais, croyez-moi, ce ne sont que des songes, et des songes malsains aussi: les Anglais ont su comment achever leurs libertés, et ils savent comment les défendre.

"Vous écrivez comme si les Anglais fussent habitants de la lune: tout Anglais sait que depuis Louis XIV. l'Egypte a été un des objets les plus désirés des Français; votre Oncle en a tenté la conquête: et l'on sait bien ici qu'une expédition en Syrie ne serait que le premier pas vers l'Egypte. Quant aux Chrétiens de l'Orient, il est plus que probable qu'ils avaient tort au commencement de l'affaire, toute histoire nous enseigne cela. Vous avez la main longue, et votre politique va de loin en loin, mais elle n'est pas plus étendue que la politique Russe, et les plus sensés ici croient que vous et l'empereur Russe sont au fond de ces insurrections, qui viennent si à propos pour les projets les plus chérirs de tous les deux. Mais, prenez garde, Sire; c'est une association dangereuse! Soyez satisfait de vos projets sur l'Ouest; laissez l'Orient à l'autre despotisme—gare à une collision!

"Quant à la Chine, allez votre chemin; vous pouvez y envoyer un plus grand nombre de troupes que les Anglais, et ils sont absolument fous quand ils vous admettent à prendre part au gâteau. Il est plus que probable que le Chine deviendra le champ de bataille du commencement de la guerre inévitable: c'est bien! vous avez beau jeu là. Pour l'Italie! ça me dépasse! Qui aurait cru que vos victoires mèneraient un tel chaos dans leur train?

"En un mot, Sire, vous avez les mains pleines, fin politique que vous seyez.

Vous avez beaucoup de génie pour la grande science, mais vous vous confiez quelquefois trop à ce génie. Votre lettre n'était pas écrite à votre ami Persigny, mais au peuple Anglais; mais vous y avez mis tant de finesse, que la finesse est palpable; elle ne trompe personne.

"Comme j'ai lu La Fontaine, je ne me signe pas votre ami, mais je reste toujours le serviteur le plus humble et obéissant de votre Majesté Impériale.—P."

(FREE AND UNAUTHORIZED TRANSLATION.)

SIRE,—Frankness is the father of unreserved speech; and as your letter is a masterpiece of candour and plain-dealing, I shall endeavour to answer it in the same style.

You are right; affairs are now so extremely complicated, we may well fear that neither personal interviews (the old used-up trick of your uncle), nor frank, cordial letters, can have the effect of unravelling them. You deceive yourself, Sire. This is a practical, pig-headed nation. It looks to facts, and does not care for phrases. Yours is a capital letter to read in a play or a romance, but it is too easily seen through by the English. As you directed me, I read it to Lord Palmerston; but, goodness, gracious! you should have seen him whilst I was reading it! He is to the backbone a diplomatist; but the waggish spirit of the old joker was very near getting the better of the constrained manner which belongs to a Minister of State, and it was perfectly plain that it was with the greatest difficulty he could keep from laughing in my face. Yes, Sire, this letter is a failure; it did not hit the mark: you went too far—you transgressed, by a long step, the line of dissimulation; your epistle is not in keeping, and therefore it is regarded with suspicion. If, in all your antecedents, there had been one trait of loyalty, the English might place faith in it; but where is there that one solitary trait to which I can direct their attention?

Although educated and broken in to all the arts of diplomacy, I found it exceedingly difficult to maintain a grave aspect when that devil of a fellow, Palmerston, said to me, with a wicked grin, and as if casually,—“Very good, my dear Persigny; but, surely you have had another letter, at the same time, from your good friend.” As to Parliament—there are none but drivellers there who attach the slightest importance to your letter. Even your friend Mr. Bright does not venture to speak of it but in a very gingerly way. And, then, as to the press. *The Times* appears to place some faith in it; but though all Englishmen read *The Times*, still there are few that follow its vacillating opinions. *The Times* is the great organ of universal news; but it neither guides nor reflects English public opinion. It is with much pain I observe your friend Mr. Bright is daily descending in general estimation. His eloquence (and his is prompt, rough, and manly) loses its influence. His motives are, like your own letter, too easily seen through. I had been under the impression that Mr. Bright would sustain your interests admirably; for, though he is stone-blind as to consequences, yet he is animated with such a genuine unmitigated spirit of hatred against the respectable, wellborn classes, that it was to hoped he might be able to infect the multitude with the poison of his principles. He reminds me of the heroes of our first Revolution. Look at him—he is a bull-dog. They say here, that if he were not a demagogue he would be a *prize-fighter*. Poor man! he tries to stanch, and even to dry up the red blood of a chivalrous nation with bales of cotton!

But this accursed people is a *ruminating* animal. It relishes, it swallows greedily, striking novelties; but then, having so done, it *ruminates*: and it has ruminated over the speeches of Mr. Bright; and it will ruminate upon your letter. There was no orator since the days of Cicero who was thought comparable to Mr. Gladstone at the beginning of this Session. Well! The Parliament, and the people, although dazzled at first by the brilliancy of his eloquence, have since then ruminated; and in ruminating they have separated the grain from the chaff; and now Mr. Gladstone, instead of being the demigod of his party and the nation, is an object of universal contempt and derision.

When a scamp—that is, one who has long been known as a scamp—attempts to play the part of an honest man, and speaks or writes in a seemingly frank or candid manner, he excites distrust instead of eliciting confidence, and his conduct is watched still more closely than before. Be assured, then, that your letter will have the effect of hurrying on the organization of the English defences. What good, Sire, was there, in the very teeth of established facts, your denying that your army and fleet were in such and such force, when everyone was in a position to satisfy himself by facts, that you were telling a fib. Such assertions only lead to investigations, and investigations are sure to overwhelm you with shame. All the European Powers are at this moment on the alert, and you can neither launch a vessel nor recruit a regiment without exciting distrust. The English, it is said, are not good diplomats; and yet you have aroused, not their fears, but their anxiety for the preservation of the liberty and wealth of which they are so proud. The history of the seventeenth century proves that the English can fight as bravely for principles as the French have ever done for glory. You may dream of avenging Waterloo, and pillaging the richest city in the world; but believe me that you do no more than dream—that such dreams are not good for your health. The English, who have known how to achieve their own liberties, well know also how best to defend them.

You write as if the English lived not on this earth, but in the moon. Every Englishman knows that, since the reign of Louis XIV., Egypt has been an object particularly wished for by the French. Your uncle tried to conquer it; and all are aware that an expedition to Syria would be the first step on the march to Egypt. As to the Christians, it is more than probable that they were the first aggressors. All history teaches us that lesson. You have a long arm, and your political schemes stretch wider and wider: but still they do not stretch as far as the Russian policy; and the most sensible people here firmly believe that you and the Emperor of Russia are at the bottom of these insurrections, which come so apropos for the furtherance of the most cherished projects of you both. But, take care, Sire; it is a dangerous association for you. Be content with your schemes in the West, and leave the East to another despotism. Be on your guard that there is no collision.

As to China—go on and prosper! You can send them a still greater number of troops than the English; and they were great fools when they allowed you to share the cake with them. It is more than probable that China will become the battle-field for the commencement of a war that is inevitable. It is well! You can make a winning game there. As to Italy: there you are beyond my comprehension. Who could have supposed that your victories would leave such a chaos in their train?

In a word, Sire, astute a politician as you are, you have your hand filled with difficulties. You have a great genius for the grand science, but sometimes you trust too much to your genius. Your letter was written, not to your friend Persigny, but to the English people; and you imported into it so much of finesse, that the finesse was palpable, and has deceived no one.

As I have read La Fontaine, I do not designate myself “your friend,” but remain ever,

Your Imperial Majesty's most humble and devoted Servant,

INEDITED LETTERS OF LORD NELSON.

[Continued from p. 184.]

OUR last article upon the Nelson Letters left matters at the point when the hero had been ordered to Bastia. He immediately examined the place, and recommended that it should be besieged, expressing his full confidence of the result. Sir David Dundas, the commander of the forces, considered the project rash and visionary; but Lord Hood thought otherwise, and the siege was accordingly determined upon. It was a work of time and patient perseverance. General D'Aubant, who succeeded Dundas in the command, was so opposed to it that he did not think it right to grant Lord Hood a single soldier, and only a few artillerymen; and we find Nelson, late in March, 1794, writing to Sir William Hamilton, urging him to supply them with artillery stores. On the 3rd of April, the troops and the seamen, the latter under the command of Nelson, landed for the siege. On the 16th, he writes to Mrs. Nelson:—“We are in high health and spirits, besieging Bastia; the final event, I feel assured, will be conquest. Lord Hood is at anchor near the town, and our troops are active. Our batteries opened on the 11th, and apparently have done great execution.” From that day the siege was carried on with unflagging vigour on both sides, the French strengthening their works, and the besiegers eventually advancing their batteries. Everything was against the English, but Nelson was still confident of victory. He complains, towards the end of April, of the conduct of the Commander-in-Chief, in leaving the expedition to its fate, and writes to his wife:—“General D'Aubant will not attack our enemy with 2,000 as fine troops as ever marched, whilst we are here beating them from post to post with 1,000.” In another letter, written early in May, he says:—“My only fears are, that these soldiers will advance when Bastia is about to surrender, and deprive us of that part of our glory. The King, we trust, will draw the line of our deserts.” Such was the state of affairs before Bastia when Nelson addressed the following letter to Sir William Hamilton:

CAMP, May 7th, 1794.

MY DEAR SIR,—I hear from Lord Hood that the Neapolitan frigate which arrived this day sails to-morrow morning, therefore I will not let the opportunity slip of inquiring after you and Lady Hamilton, for whose kindness I feel myself so much indebted.

Our enemies are obstinate, but behave infamously ill, not like men of spirit; but I have no doubt we shall soon bring down their proud stomachs. Our loss has been really nothing; theirs, deserters say, very great. You may remember seeing Captain Clarke, of the troops, on board *Agamemnon*: he has lost his right arm, and part of his right side; but is still, I am happy to say, likely to recover. St. Michel, and the Commander of the troops, are gone, as they tell the people, for succours. The Mayor got off last night in a very fast-sailing boat; the ship's boats could not overtake him. My dear boy is very well, and thanks you for your remembrance of him. I beg my best respects to Lady Hamilton, and that you will believe I feel myself your much obliged,

Rt. Hon. Sir William Hamilton, K.B.

HORATIO NELSON.

The accident that happened to Captain Clarke took place in the afternoon of the 12th April, when Nelson went with Colonel Villettes, Lieutenant Duncan, and Captain Clarke, and a Corsican guide, to examine a ridge about one thousand yards nearer the town than their previous position. During the whole time the enemy kept up an incessant fire of musketry and grape, and the last shot they fired killed the Corsican guide, who was standing beside Clarke, and shot off Clarke's right arm and a part of his right side. But, in this letter to Sir William Hamilton, we do not hear of the circumstance which stamps the casualty with its deepest interest—that Clarke, at the moment when he was shot, was looking over Nelson's shoulder.

The St. Michel alluded to in the letter was La Combe St. Michel, the Commissioner who had come down armed with powers from the Convention. He it was who refused to receive Lord Hood's flag of truce, which was landed in one of the *Victory's* boats, at seven o'clock on the morning of the 11th of April, before the siege began. In answer to the English officer who presented Lord Hood's letters, which the Commissioner refused to accept, St. Michel said, “I have hot shots for your ships, and bayonets for your troops. When two-thirds of our troops are killed, I will then trust to the generosity of the English.” “On the officer's return with this message,” says Nelson, who records the matter in his journal, “Lord Hood hoisted a red flag at the main-top-gallant-mast-head of the *Victory*; when our batteries opened on the town, citadel, and redoubt of Camponella, English colours having been hoisted on the rock over my tent, and every man giving three cheers.”

By the 20th of May, Nelson's predictions were verified; the enemy sent off a flag of truce, and two days afterwards, at six in the evening, the French colours were struck from fort and post, the British colours hoisted, and the English troops, with their bands playing “God save the King!” marched into the town. “I always was of opinion,” writes Nelson to his wife, on this exhilarating occasion,—“have ever acted up to it,—and never had any reason to repent it,—that one Englishman was equal to three Frenchmen.” This patriotic superstition of the old days of our naval supremacy was an article of faith with Nelson, and with every sailor in the service, and not without justification in the heroic enterprises they achieved. On this occasion, at all events, it was no matter of brag, for it appeared that the proportion between the conquerors and the conquered was not one to three, but less than one to four and a half. “This morning,” Nelson writes in his diary, “the British Grenadiers took possession of the town gates, and the gate of the citadel; and on the 24th, at daylight, the most glorious sight that an Englishman can experience, and which, I believe, none but an Englishman could bring about,

was exhibited :—4,500 men laying down their arms to less than 1,000 British soldiers, who were serving as marines."

It was curious enough that the apprehension Nelson had previously expressed in a letter to his wife, that the garrison of St. Fiorenzo would advance when Bastia was about to surrender, was fulfilled to the letter. After informing Mrs. Nelson that the French had sent in a flag of truce, he adds, "Our Fiorenzo army, hearing what was going on here, have marched to the tops of the heights, which will probably terrify the enemy." It does not appear, however, that they either claimed, or received, any part of the glory—to which they were certainly not entitled.

Our next letter is dated from Leghorn, on the 31st August. In the interval Nelson had been engaged, for nearly four months, upon the reduction of Calvi, in which service he lost the use of his right eye, from the bursting of a shell, which scattered the sand of the battery he was directing. This was the only hurt he received throughout all these scenes of danger, with the exception of what he describes in one of his letters as "a sharp cut in the back" at Bastia. The siege over, Nelson had taken the *Agamemnon* into Leghorn, to obtain a little rest for his men. The letter of the 31st, to Sir William Hamilton, refers solely to this circumstance as a reason why the writer had not paid his personal respects to his friends at Naples, and speaks in terms of high commendation of a Mr. Pierson, a friend of Sir William Hamilton's, who had volunteered into the army serving before Calvi, and had subsequently received a commission.

After Calvi had been taken possession of, Nelson was ordered to proceed in search of the French fleet, which had taken refuge in Gourjean Bay; and he was afterwards sent with despatches to the Minister at Genoa. Late in September, Admiral Hotham and Lord Hood arrived at Genoa, and a few days afterwards Nelson went to sea with them. In the course of this cruise Lord Hood was obliged to go to Leghorn, to receive despatches from England, and shortly afterwards went home on account of his health. Meanwhile Nelson was ordered to watch the French in Gourjean Bay. He writes to Mrs. Nelson on the 3rd October: "We have here [in Gourjean Bay] eleven sail of the line, the enemy have fourteen—seven here and seven at Toulon." A few days later he writes to Captain Locker: "The French ships in the bay are so fortified, that we cannot get at them without a certainty of the destruction of our fleet. At Toulon six sail of the line are ready for sea in the outer road, and two nearly so in the arsenal." Finding that nothing was to be done, the *Agamemnon* put into Leghorn, to get some refreshments, and early in November rejoined the fleet in Gourjean Bay, when Nelson found that the enemy had given them the slip; upon which he was ordered to Toulon, to examine into the condition of the enemy's fleet. A letter written subsequently, from Leghorn, contains the result of his observations, and explains generally the state of affairs at this time:—

*Agamemnon*, LEGHORN, Nov. 21st, 1794.

MY DEAR SIR,—Perhaps Admiral Hotham has wrote you the present state of the enemy's fleet, and of our own; if so, this will be a How-do-ye-do letter; if not, you will, I think, like to know the state of both the fleets, and as I was sent to look into Toulon, after the escape of the squadron from Gourjean Bay, nobody can give you a better account of them. In the harbour of Toulon are 22 men-of-war, disposed of as follows:—In the arsenal, nearly ready, 3 sail of the line; in the inner road, the Gourjean squadron, 7 sail of the line; and 4 frigates in a state of fitting, are nearly ready by this time for sea; in the outer road, 5 sail of the line and 2 frigates, perfectly, in appearance, ready for sea. Our transports, detained with the truce flag flying, are laid up dismantled in a great degree. What are the designs of the French you are much more likely to know than myself. At Corsica everybody supposes the attack will be on that island; in Italy, that it will be on Italy. I am of opinion the latter is most likely. Port Especia is, in my opinion, the destination of their fleet; and as they will not scruple taking possession of the Genoese forts, they will be able to not only maintain their situation, but also be enabled to succour their army in Italy, by either small squadrons, or a flotilla, to which the English have nothing to oppose. How Leghorn will be defended I know not; sure I am it is capable of a long siege, if provisions are laid in; but I don't think there is three days' provisions for the inhabitants in the place, and I really believe it will instantly be delivered up. What allies has poor England! Our fleet is at St. Fiorenzo refitting, and nearly ready for sea.

An unpleasant business has happened with us. The crew of the *Windsor Castle* mutinied, and insisted on another captain and first lieutenant being appointed to the ship, which Admiral Hotham thought it right, for the benefit of His Majesty's service, to comply with, and removed the officers. They have been tried, by their own desire, by a court martial, and most honourably acquitted, the charges against them being found not only malicious, but without the smallest foundation in truth. Various are the opinions, as you will believe, of the admiral's conduct on this occasion. I shall not venture to give an opinion on his conduct; sure I am that Admiral Hotham is a most amiable, good man, and has done what he thought best for the service.

I beg my best respects to Lady Hamilton. I do not forget your kindness to me and Josiah, who is a young man grown.

Believe me ever your most obliged,

HORATIO NELSON.

Poor *Agamemnon* is quite a wreck, being without masts; crew destroyed by the Corsican expedition.

For several weary weeks the captain of the *Agamemnon* was detained at Leghorn, repairing his shattered vessel. The delay and inactivity made him wretched. Towards the close of November, he wrote to his uncle, to tell him that matters were drawing to a crisis; that Jean Bon St. André had sent an insolent message to Lord Hood, intimating that if his lordship sent any more flags to the Port of the Mountain, he would burn the vessels; and that the French had fifteen sail of the line ready for sea, with which they declared they were ready to fight our fleet. "Now," continues Nelson, "as Admiral Hotham is gone off Toulon with thirteen sail of the line, they may, if they

please. I am, as you will believe, uneasy enough, for fear they will fight, and *Agamemnon* not present—it will almost break my heart; but I hope the best—that they are only boasting at present, and will be quiet till I am ready." In this, and, indeed, in all his letters, Nelson, speaking of his ship, drops out the definite article, and calls her "*Agamemnon*," with an affectionate interest, as if she were in reality "a thing of life." The trait is characteristic.

At last the English fleet arrived at Leghorn, under the command of Admiral Hotham, and immediate preparations were made for sailing.

LEGHORN, December 19th, 1794.

MY DEAR SIR,—You will have heard from Admiral Hotham of his arrival here, for necessities and refreshments for his fleet, and of his intentions on sailing from hence; therefore I now only write you a line to say that when anything occurs worth your notice, I shall not fail to write you, and perhaps oftentimes to tell you that nothing has happened, which news is often most acceptable. Reports here say the French fleet will certainly put to sea very shortly, to protect the entrance of a number of corn-vessels, from the coast of Barbary. We know they have called in their numerous privateers from the Gulf of Genoa, and that all the men are gone to Toulon to man their fleet:—this measure certainly indicates strongly an intention of going to sea. I have no doubt of the event, should they be disposed to give us a meeting, and I trust it will be a victory which may rival our home fleet, for why should not laurels grow in the Mediterranean. The Admiral, I think, has wrote to you to ask for some of the Neapolitan ships; they may at present be of the greatest service for the protection of Italy (even should a battle take place before their arrival), and I most perfectly agree with you, that, although it may not be proper to divulge the whole plan of a campaign (which may be entrusted to a commander-in-chief), yet that, allies have a right to know what is going on at the moment. To you I may say that Admiral Fortiguere is the most of all men unlikely to conciliate the esteem of the English. We all love the captain of the *Tancredi*, Carraghchilli (I believe, I know not his name). We respect the Neapolitans, and have a sincere esteem for the King of Naples, who is so attentive to all of us. You will not, I am sure, mention my opinion of Fortiguere to any one, for no one in our fleet knows my opinion of him, although I do most of theirs. Letters from Genoa say that all vessels above fifty tons are detained at Nice and Villafranca, for the purpose of transporting 12,000 men somewhere. I have no doubt but Port Especia is the object, although many amongst us think it is Corsica. Accounts are certain that two sail of the line are on their passage from Brest to Toulon. *Agamemnon* will be ready, as to masts and yards, to sail with the fleet, and my ship's company get tolerably healthy; but as to numbers, we are miserably short. Col. Villette probably is with you; he is not only a good officer, but a perfect gentleman, a character not very often met with. Pray remember me kindly to him.

I hope Mr. Pierson is perfectly recovered. I beg my kindest remembrances to Lady Hamilton. Josiah assures her he always remembers her goodness; and believe me, my dear sir, your most obliged and faithful,

HORATIO NELSON.

December 20th.—We are all on board the fleet, unmoored.

Sir William Hamilton, K.B.

From the date of this letter to the 10th January, 1795, when they put into Fiorenzo, the vessels were exposed to a series of storms and heavy seas such as Nelson had never experienced before. The fleet were twelve days under storm stay-sails. At Fiorenzo they remained throughout the month of January, and here Nelson's eye became much worse. "It is now," he writes to Mrs. Nelson, "in almost total darkness, and very painful at times; but, never mind, I can see very well with the other." He had a strong desire to get home, as Lord Hood had done; but he could not be spared. The inferiority of the English fleet rendered it absolutely indispensable to keep all the ships together, ready for action.

*Agamemnon*, FIORENZO, Feb. 1, 1795.

MY DEAR SIR,—As the Admiral sends a ship to you with his despatches, I shall not say a word about the fleet, only what must give you pleasure; that, except being short of numbers, no fleet ever was in better order to meet an enemy than I conceive ours to be at this moment. We are remarkably healthy. I had letters from Lord Hood as late as January 1, and I have great pleasure in saying the Bath waters have been of great service, and he begins to turn his thoughts towards this country. I think he will be here the first part of April. I am prevented for the present from going home, by our inferiority; and when the summer gets forward, I shall not have that desire. But we seamen do as we are ordered, and not one of us can say what to-morrow may produce. If it would produce an opportunity for me to pay my personal respects to you, I should be much pleased. Josiah joins me in best respects to Lady Hamilton, and I beg you to believe that I ever consider myself,—Your most obliged,

Right Hon. Sir William Hamilton, K.B.

HORATIO NELSON.

Two days after this letter was written, the fleet put out to sea; but after touching at Port Ferrajo in Elba, the *Agamemnon* returned in a week to Fiorenzo.

[To be continued.]

## Reviews of Books.

### THE DEVONSHIRE "HAMLETS."<sup>\*</sup>

THE literary history of Shakspeare's dramas is extremely uncertain and obscure. The very form in which they have reached us is often imperfect, and very often corrupt, and scarcely a trace remains to show when or how these immortal productions were first issued from their author's hands. Not a scrap of original manuscript is known to exist; not a tradition is preserved as to Shakspeare's mode of composition; and critics are divided as to the chronology of his plays. The editors (or rather collectors) to whom we are indebted for the famous folio of 1623, profess to have had original "papers" to print from, in which they "received scarce a blot;" but they evidently used very extensively the "divers stolen and surreptitious copies"

\* Hamlet; by William Shake-speare, 1603: Hamlet, by William Shakespeare, 1604: being exact reprints of the First and Second Editions of Shakespeare's Great Drama, from the very rare originals in the possession of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire; the two texts being printed on opposite pages, and so arranged that the parallel passages face each other; with a bibliographical preface by Samuel Timmins. London: S. Low, Son, & Co. 1860.

which were printed and sold in quarto form before their folio appeared. Among these curious and scarce pamphlets are two editions of "The Tragedie of Hamlet," not only the greatest of Shakspeare's plays, but, perhaps, the most popular drama in the English tongue. So scarce is the earliest of these—the edition dated 1603,—that till recently only one copy was known to exist, and that was bought by the late Duke of Devonshire for the large sum of £250. This copy, however, had lost its last page, and it was not till 1856 that the deficiency was supplied, by the discovery of a second copy of the edition by Mr. M. W. Rooney, of Dublin, in which the title-page was missing, but the last leaf was complete. So valuable was this copy held to be, that it was sold to Mr. Boone for £70, then to Mr. Halliwell for £120, and was afterwards bought for the British Museum, where it now remains.

The quarto dated 1604 is not quite so rare, but only three copies are known: one belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, another to Lord Howe, and the third to Mr. Huth, of London, and for which he paid nearly £170. The peculiarity of this edition is, that it describes the tragedy "as enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect coppie;" and as it contains many noble passages found neither in the earlier quarto, nor in the later folio of 1623, its value is very great in the formation of the text. In 1825 a reprint of the 1603 appeared, and was welcomed by Shakspearian scholars as a correct transcript of the scarce original; but this work is now rarely to be seen; and original and reprint were alike inaccessible to students, till the late Duke of Devonshire ordered fac-similes of both his copies to be made and distributed, under the direction of Mr. Payne Collier, to public libraries and eminent literary men. As only forty impressions of each were issued, these fac-similes are very valuable and very scarce, and can rarely be seen. It has been reserved for Shakspeare's own county to give the world the excellent volume now before us, and Mr. J. Allen, jun., of Birmingham, deserves the best thanks of all Shakspearians for this beautiful and admirable book, which is worthy of the town where Baskerville's famous editions of ancient and modern classics were produced. The volume is printed on toned paper, and in antique type; fac-similes of the two title-pages are given; and even the smallest errors of the originals are copied as closely as possible (without being actual fac-similes), so that the reader may have before him an accurate reprint of the originals at a moderate cost. The chief peculiarity of this volume is, however, that the two texts are given face to face, so that the differences are apparent at a glance; and the reader sees that the second quarto was really "enlarged to almost as much againe as it was" when compared with the first quarto of 1603. Prefixed to the volume is a short preface by Mr. Samuel Timmins, also of Birmingham, in which the bibliography of Hamlet is described, and a list of the various editions and of the numerous and curious volumes relating to the drama (in English, French, German, and other languages) is given, to show how universally it has been read, studied, and admired.

Whatever theory the reader may choose to hold as to the value of these two editions, he will be struck by the very remarkable differences presented to his eye in comparing the parallel passages, as they stand face to face on the pages before him. He will note that the right-hand page is a reprint of the second quarto, page for page and line for line; and that the left-hand page gives the first quarto with equal accuracy, but "spaced out" so as to bring the "parallel passages opposite each other," for ready reference and study. It is difficult to select examples from the many passages of this great tragedy, but the following will perhaps best suffice to show the nature of this very remarkable reprint, as the extract is well known and universally admired:

#### FIRST QUARTO (1603).

*The Tragedie of Hamlet.*

The eniuious sprig broke, into the brooke she fell,  
And for a while her clothes spread wide abroade,  
Bore the yong Lady vp, and there she sate smiling,  
Euen Mermaide-like, twixt heauen and earth,  
Chaunting olde sundry tunes vncapable  
As it were of her distresse, but long it could not be,  
Till that her clothes, being heauy with their drinke,  
Dragg'd the sweete wretch to death.

*Lear.* So, she is drownd:

Too much of water hast thou *Ofelia*,  
Therefore I will not drowne thee in my teares,  
Reuenge it is must yeild this heart releefe,  
For woe begets woe, and grieve hangs on grieve.

*Enter Clowne and an other.*

*Clowne* I say no, she ought not to be buried in Christian buriall.

2. Why sir?

*Clowne* Mary because shee's drownd.

2. But she did not drowne her selfe.

*Clowne* No, that's certaine, the water drown'd her.

2. Yea but it was against her will.

#### SECOND QUARTO (1604).

*Prince of Denmarke.*

Clambring to hang, an eniuious sluer broke,  
When downe her weedy trophies and her selfe  
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her clothes spred wide,  
And Marmaide like awhile they bore her vp,  
Which time she chaunted snatches of old laudes,  
As one incapable of her owne distresse,  
Or like a creature nativ and indewd  
Vnto that element, but long it could not be  
Till that her garments heauy with theyr drinke,  
Puld the poore wretch from her melodious lay  
To muddie death.

*Laer.* Alas, then she is drownd.

*Quee.* Drownd, drownd.

*Laer.* Too much of water hast thou poore *Ophelia*,

And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet  
It is our tricke, nature her custome hol'd,  
Let shame say what it will, when these are gone,

The woman will be out. Adiew my Lord,  
I haue a spech a fire that faine would blase,  
But that this folly drownes it. *Exit.*

*King.* Let's follow *Gertrard*,

How much I had to doe to calme his rage,  
Now feare I this will giue it start againe,  
Therefore lets follow. *Exeunt.*

*Enter two Clowns.*

*Clowne.* Is shee to be buried in Christian buriall, when she wilfully seekes her owne salvation?

*Other.* I tell thee she is, therfore make her graue straight, the crowner hath sate on her, and finds it Christian buriall.

*Clowne.* How can that be, vnlesse she drown'd herselfe in her owne defence.

*Other.* Why tis found so.

*Clowne.* It must be so offended, it cannot be els, for heere lies the poynit, if I drowne my selfe willingly, it argues an act, & an act hath three branches, it is to act, to doe, to performe, or all; shee drown'd her selfe willingly.

*Other.* Nay, but heare you good man deluer.

Although this extract is not the best which could be given to illustrate the differences between the two editions, it is enough to show how great those differences are in an ordinary passage of the play. The first quarto is evidently a far less finished text than the second, and the curious question occurs—How did these differences arise? Some have supposed that the first edition was one of the "stolen and surreptitious copies" which the first editors denounced as "maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors;" or, in other words, that it was printed from the dicta-

tions of dishonest actors, from fragments of play-house copies, or set up from the notes of short-hand writers, who had very imperfectly heard and reported the acted play. Some have supposed that it may be a fair representation of the play as first performed; and that although the quarto bears the date 1603, it represents the text of the drama at a much earlier period. Some have contended, indeed, that, as we have evidence of the existence of a "Hamlet" as early as 1587-1589, this may have been the play as written by Shakspeare in his younger days, and afterwards "enlarged to almost as much againe as it was," and as it appears in the quarto of 1604. Mr. Timmins, who has carefully edited the present volume, inclines to this latter opinion, and believes with M. Hugo, who has lately translated the text of both quartos into French, that they afford us a "comparaison infiniment curieuse, en ce qu'elle nous permet de pénétrer jusqu'au fond la pensée du poète, et de surprendre les secrets du génie en travail."

It may be somewhat difficult to settle which of these is the truest theory; but few readers will doubt, on a careful comparison of the two texts, for which this reprint affords such facilities, that the second quarto is really a correction of the errors, an increase of the beauties, and fuller development of the characters than would have been in any way omitted from the first, or added to the second edition by any other than the poet's own hand. Each edition has, of course, the typographical and other blunders common in that day, when printing was a less perfect art, and when the accuracy of modern editing was unknown; but it seems inconceivable that many passages which appear in the second quarto could have been omitted from the first, even by the most careless copyist, or that the many noble passages of this kind which show so many traces of a fuller conception of the characters, and so many marks of greater wealth of language, could have been added, except by Shakspeare's own master hand.

If it should be suggested that in this, as in many other cases, Shakspeare may have taken an older play and remodelled its form, and re-created its characters in his own inimitable style, it will be enough to say that even the first quarto, "rough-hewn" as it is, compared with its later form, displays indisputable touches of his genius. If, indeed, the two plays be read separately, and then carefully compared as they stand in this version, few readers will be able to resist the impression that they witness, as it were, the growth of Shakspeare's mind, and see in the later quarto the rich ripe fruit of his matured and majestic powers. If they choose to hunt up the scanty scraps in court accounts or stationers' registers, they will find but little to militate against these views; and nearly all will accept with pleasure the only glance they are ever likely to get into the history of the birth, progress, and perfection of this mighty drama. Many books have been written to inquire what Hamlet was, and what lesson Shakspeare meant him to enforce. The inquiry involves many of the deepest questions of the human mind, which can never have a full reply; and if we wish to study this wonderful creation of human genius, this microcosm of human faults and follies, hopes and fears (for the historic Hamlet is but the shadow of a shade), we cannot do so better than by tracing the changes in the drama, as indicated in these two texts. If the first quarto only had survived, we should have known but little of Hamlet; we should have but bare outlines, instead of the finished picture of the philosophic Dane. If the second quarto had been destroyed, we should have lost such a magnificent soliloquy, and such a curious key to Hamlet's character, as that (Act iv., sc. 4) omitted by the edition of the first folio of 1623.

"How all occasions do inform against me,  
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,  
If his chief good and market of his time  
Be but to sleep and feed?—A beast, no more.  
Sure, He, that made us with such large discourse,  
Looking before and after, gave us not  
That capability and godlike reason  
To fust in us unused. Now, whether it be  
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple  
Of thinking too precisely on the event,—  
A thought which, quartered, hath but one part wisdom,  
And ever three parts coward: I do not know  
Why yet I live to say, *This thing's to do*;  
Sith I have cause and will, and strength and means  
To do't. Examples gross as earth, exhort me  
Witness this army of such mass, and charge,  
Led by a delicate and tender prince;  
Whose spirit with divine ambition puffed,  
Makes mouths at the invisible event;  
Exposing what is mortal and unsure  
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,  
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,  
Is, not to stir without great argument;  
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,  
When honour's at the stake. How stand I, then,  
That have a father killed, a mother stained,—  
Excitements of my reason and my blood,  
And let all sleep? While, to my shame, I see  
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,  
That, for a fantasy and trick of fame,  
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot  
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,  
Which is not tomb enough, and continent,  
To hide the slain?—O! from this time forth  
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth."

Whatever may have been the motive of the first editors for the omission of this grand soliloquy, its preservation in the second quarto is a sufficient proof of the value of that edition in analyzing Hamlet's character, and in forming a good text. The differences between the first and second quartos, from whatever cause they may have arisen, are too numerous and too important to be mentioned here, and we must content ourselves with recommending all students of Shakspeare, and all lovers of one of his greatest works, to examine for themselves, in this remarkable and valuable volume, the growth of the literary beauties, and the development of the wondrous character of the melancholy Dane, in one of the noblest works which human genius has yet given to the world.

#### CURIOSITIES OF CIVILIZATION.\*

"Curiosities of Civilization!" Such is the attractive, but not appropriate title of the work to which Doctor Wynter has given his name. The author employed his leisure in writing articles for the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh*

\* Curiosities of Civilization. Reprinted from the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh Reviews*. By Andrew Wynter, M.D. London: Robert Hardwicke. 1860.

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*Reviews*, and has republished them in a handsome volume, with this euphonious but inaccurate designation. The subjects treated upon are as various as the contents of a play-bill, or a page in the catalogue of a circulating library. There are articles or essays on "Advertisements," "Food and its Adulterations," "The Zoological Gardens," "Rats," "Lunatic Asylums," "The London Commissariat," "Woolwich Arsenal," "Shipwrecks," "Lodging, Food, and Dress of Soldiers," "The Electric Telegraph," "Fires and Fire Insurance," "The Police and the Thieves," and "Mortality in Trades and Professions."

With the merits of most, if not all, of these various essays, the general reading public, it is to be supposed, had previously been pretty well acquainted; and no one, we venture to say, until the author had thought of his title-page had conceived he was studying a treatise illustrative of one of the curious phases of civilization. To give his work something like completeness in form, Dr. Wynter should have favoured the world with what in his idea is civilization itself; what are the circumstances that denote civilization; what is to be considered as civilization in England, as contradistinguished from civilization in France, in Germany, in Russia, in China, and in Japan. After this, all these modern forms of civilization could have been advantageously contrasted with that condition of circumstances which was deemed to be civilization amongst the Assyrians, Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans. With the author's abilities and learning, he might have favoured the world with a most interesting essay upon such a theme; and he might well have concluded it with pointing to the quarterly periodicals that published his own contributions as specimens of the perfection to which civilization had attained in Great Britain. There is, in point of fact, nothing in the literature of Greece or Rome like to those publications, which appear with the regularity of the seasons, and that bring forth in each number such rich products of human wit, wisdom, skill, and science. The *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh Reviews* are in themselves "Curiosities of Civilization," and should not, either in justice, or in gratitude, have been omitted by a contributor to both, if the contents of his book were in accordance with its title-page.

But though we find fault with the title of the book, we have no remark to make in respect to the various articles now republished, except it be in their commendation. Those who have seen them before will gladly renew an acquaintance with them; whilst those who have not had that advantage, will be astonished at the vast collection of strange facts and shrewd observations that are packed closely together within the pages of a single volume. Where all are good it is difficult to make a selection; but still we are disposed to affirm that the article calculated to produce the strongest impression upon the public mind is the last,—on "Mortality in Trades and Professions"; and that which will continue to be the most universally attractive is the first,—on "Advertisements." In this article, the author, whose notions of civilization are confined exclusively to England, traces the first appearance of advertisements of newspapers, when journals were struggling into existence, up to their full development in every guise and form that fancy can suggest or caprice dictate, in the universal advertising columns of *The Times*. Doctor Wynter dwells upon every description of strange advertisements but one, and that one, in itself, the most characteristic of the high civilization to which this country has reached. The slight manner in which this is touched upon is remarkable, for he proves, even by the mode in which he refers to it, his conviction that one of the unerring tests of the purest state of civilization is an extreme tenderness of the domestic affections,—the love not merely of parent for child, and the child for its parents, but still more, the devoted attachment of sisters for brothers, and even those more distantly connected with them. In the same column of *The Times*, from which he has been making many comical extracts, exhibiting in their own words the absurdities of crackbrained lovers and pining spinsters, are to be found "notices" which must have made many a father shake with fear, and that before now has shown how a mother, a sister, or a cousin were agonized by the misconduct or misfortunes of some beloved member of the family. Why did he not give specimens of these—many of them so pathetic and so heart-breaking?

We have seen somewhere a very pretty thought attributed to one of the ancient philosophers, viz., that the virtuous and the wicked members of a family never absolutely abandon the household; that the virtuous, when dead, were its tutelary deities, or *Lares*, and the wicked its malignant demons—*Lamures*. The domestic affections in England are not to be typified by idols of stone, or images of wood; for neither accident, nor calamity, nor even crime, can break, destroy, or obliterate them. They live through all ills, and survive all disasters; and the permanent proof that they do so is daily to be found in those sad and thrilling appeals which appear in the *Times*—a peculiar feature of society in England—a demonstration that its heart is sound—that neither wealth nor prosperity have, in the slightest degree, hardened or corrupted it. When such a topic lay in the author's way he should, we think, have dwelt upon it, illustrated it by examples, pointed it out as being what it really is, a characteristic of English civilization; and not skimmed over it for the purpose of unravelling drivelling amorous effusions about an obscure "Flo," or a concealed "Cenerentola." The omission is not, perhaps, after all, the fault of the author. The appeals from fond hearts to fugitive relatives may have been transcribed by the author, and yet "cut out" by a relentless editor for the purpose of accommodating the original article to the space of "the review" in which it was published.

In republishing his "Essays" in a collected form, Doctor Wynter has imitated a good example set by others; but considering their character, and the many small incidents referred to in each of them, we regret he did not, for the purpose of making his work as useful as it is agreeable, give to his reader the benefit of an index. We hope it will reach a second edition; and should it do so, we trust that the suggestion now given may be acted upon. For such a book an index is as indispensable as for an edition of Aulus Gellius, Photius, Athenaeus, Pausanias, or Allessandri.

#### ROBERT OWEN, THE SOCIALIST.\*

THE life of any really eminent man must contain, if it be fairly and properly written, much matter for instruction and reflection. The name of Robert Owen, the Socialist, is of worldwide notoriety, heard and spoken by thou-

\* Robert Owen and his Social Philosophy. By Wm. Lucas Sargent. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1860.

sands who have never known what he really did or what he tried to do and failed. Whatever may be thought of his Utopian plans for securing the universal happiness of mankind by those familiar with them,—whatever erroneous notions may have been imbibed by the many totally ignorant of his views and wishes,—neither malice nor scandal has ever been able to sully the strict integrity, morality, and charity of Robert Owen's private character, prolonged even as his long and unceasingly laborious life was—far beyond the usual term of tenure.

The blooming flowers of two summer seasons have not faded away from his simple grave in his native Montgomeryshire, nor the third winter's snow whitened the Norman ruins of St. Mary's, Newtown, since his friends listened to the peaceful voice of the parish clergyman solemnly committing, as "dust to dust" the earthly case of at least a kind, generous, and earnest soul. How many think of Robert Owen only as the attempting founder of an irreligious sect, whose writings have been proscribed for their infidelity, or for an objectionable advocacy of communism, of co-habitation, and of property. Could anything be farther, whatever his mistakes and failings, from his real views and wishes? But in truth the ostensible good work of his life was done in the first half of it, the latter portion being an unbroken succession of failures in attempting to carry out philanthropic but unreal projects.

In our daily life we have around us blessings and good results sprung from Robert Owen's early labours, of which many glory but few know the cause. So effectually did the visionary theories of his later days, in their failures, obscure his early fame as a moral philosopher, and the real reformer of our factory system, that the remembrance of his finest deeds was buried, as it were, under their stupendous ruins long before he himself had departed in peace from this earthly scene, in which, after all, he had been a great and efficient actor. If we revert to the early efforts of Robert Owen, we find him a munificent upholder of Lancaster and Bell in the cause of education, a liberal supporter of Fulton in that precarious career which was crowned at last by the happy application of steam to navigation. The Prussian national education scheme and the ameliorated pauper system of Holland are standing memorials of the good effects of Owen's early publications; while the infant-schools in our own land are the verdant branches of one of his best laurels. And these are not all the good results of the efforts of a man who elevated himself from a humble state, spent large sums in good causes, while still amassing greater wealth, and who, reserving but a portion to keep him from want, diminished his fortune in benevolent but visionary schemes for the advancement of the social happiness and welfare of his race. Even from his failings we are gainers of wisdom.

Robert Owen was the youngest but one of the seven children of the Postmaster of Newtown. His mother's parents were respectable farmers in the neighbourhood; and at five years old he was sent to the village school, in which, at seven, he was made a monitor, employing his leisure time in reading the books afforded him by the libraries of the clergyman, the doctor, and the lawyer. At nine he was engaged to serve in a shop; but the promptings of his natural ambition lead him to seek in London a wider sphere, and thus, at ten, he was consigned to the care of his brother, a saddler in Holborn. Six weeks afterwards he was in the employ, in Lincolnshire, of an honest and kindhearted draper, who had started in life with half-a-crown as a hawker. At fourteen, kindly treated and happy as he had been, at Stamford, by the McGuffays, he was again bent on seeking a wider field, and entered a shop on the borough side of London-bridge, which is reputed to have been the first established on the system of selling at a low profit for ready money. His next engagement was in Manchester, and up to eighteen we find Owen possessed of a happy disposition, making friends everywhere, and always maintaining himself by his own exertions. This was the great epoch of the cotton trade, from which so many of the enterprising men of that time date the foundation of those massive fortunes they subsequently accumulated. A mechanic, whose acquaintance Owen had made, projected the setting up a factory for making the new machinery, but he had no money; so Owen, borrowing a hundred pounds from his London brother, left his situation, and commenced with his partner to manufacture "mules" for cotton spinning. His partner appears to have been unequal to the management of the mechanical department, and Owen shortly accepted the offer of a capitalist to buy him out. Owen was now offered a partnership by his old master, McGuffay; but his aspirations looked higher than to the life of a linendraper in a country town, and he preferred to take upon himself the anxieties of a factory in Ancoats-lane, Manchester. Letting off the greater part to sit rent free, he commenced spinning with three mules, which he had received in part payment from Jones, and he soon found himself earning £6 a week. At twenty Owen abandoned this fair prospect, to undertake the management, at a salary of £300 a year, of the large mill of Mr. Drinkwater, in process of being fitted with machinery for the finer sorts of spinning, and numbering over five hundred workpeople of various ages and both sexes.

The circumstances under which Owen got this onerous appointment were singular, and such as to display the characteristic determination of his character. Mr. George Lee, the scientific and able superintendent of the factory, had been enticed away by the offer of a partnership, and had left Mr. Drinkwater, who was ignorant of the business, in a very awkward position. As soon as Owen heard of the advertisement he put on his hat, and without further reflection applied for the situation.

The reader will have seen how limited was the new manager's experience, and will not wonder that gossips predicted failure and disappointment; but the result proved that Mr. Drinkwater had singular good fortune; the situation which would have been the ruin of an incapable, was the turning-point of advancement to Owen. His experience in goods of fine quality, which he had acquired at McGuffay's, now stood him in good stead, as the article he was required to produce was yarn of unusual fineness.

So satisfactory were the results of the boy-manager's exertions, that his salary was liberally increased, and at twenty-two he was to enter into partnership with his employer and his two sons. Owen, it may be conceived, did not relax in his efforts under these arrangements, and he continued to produce yarns finer in quality, which sold for higher and higher prices. It was at this time he formed the acquaintance of Dalton, Win-stanley, Coleridge, and Fulton. At the end of his third year of management, when he became entitled to a fourth share of the profits, Mr. Drinkwater, at the solicitation of a wealthy manufacturer, who had proposed a matrimonial

alliance with his daughter, desired to annul the agreement, offering Owen any salary he chose to name. Owen at once thrust the agreement into the fire, remaining, however, until a substitute was obtained. The result to Mr. Drinkwater was disastrous; for the intended son-in-law proved less wealthy than was supposed; the match was broken off; the new manager was not an Owen, and so the business fell into confusion, and the factory was sold.

It would have been natural enough if Owen had indulged some resentment, but he acted in a manner the reverse of this. He felt that Mr. Drinkwater had behaved towards him with kindness and liberality, that a want of firmness was the only fault he had committed, and he constructed his new factory for making yarns of a sort quite different from those fine ones by which his reputation had been established, thus writing "his gratitude in marble and his resentment in sand."

Among other duties which now devolved upon Owen was that of visiting his customers in the north of England; and soon after the new mills were at work he extended one of his journeys as far as Scotland, when he had an accidental opportunity of visiting New Lanark, a visit which ended in Owen's marriage with Miss Dale, and the establishment of that "New Lanark Factory," which had a worldwide fame, through the memorable results of Owen's management and benevolence. It was in 1799, when Owen was about twenty-eight, that this "New Lanark Twist Company" was formed. Owen's property at this period was far less than might have been supposed to have resulted to a man of so much success, but it must be remembered that he had liberally aided not only Fulton, but both Bell and Lancaster, with a third of his entire savings—"a noble earnest of his future philanthropical sacrifices."

We reluctantly omit the statement given as to the rise and progress of New Lanark, and Robert Owen's successful career there; and come to the time when Lancaster encouraged him to attempt the inauguration of a better system of education in Scotland, visited Glasgow, and Owen presided at the public dinner at which he was entertained. It was here Owen first gave vent, in a moderate and acceptable form, to his doctrine that "Man is the creature of circumstances; and that it depends on our social arrangements, whether children who are growing up shall be the blessings or the scourges of the world." How Owen subsequently unfortunately exaggerated this doctrine, and how, falling into other extravagant and unreal opinions, he wasted the remainder of his life, is the one theme of the remaining portion of his history. Although he made friends in high rank, and even amongst royalty,—although he spent large fortunes in attempting to practically realize his generous and gigantic schemes for the social improvement of his race,—although he spared no pains or labour,—the history of his life from this date is the record of one long succession of failures. The basis of his visions was unreal, and the fabrics he reared fell one after the other, as everything based on unreality will fall sooner or later.

Owen's life is worthy of being read, if only for the sad instructions one gets from his failures. Owen's life should be read, for it is the record of an existence at once an example and a warning. It is the record of an unselfish man, labouring with every energy to do good; and if we view his failings justly we shall pity the man, without regretting that his schemes should have been tried and found wanting. The good that has sprung from his wiser and successful deeds should ever be remembered in his native land, which, after all, has no reason to be ashamed of, and many reasons for being proud of, Robert Owen.

#### THE KNIGHT OF THE SWAN.\*

THE legend of the Knight of the Swan is probably more universally known than any other. The Brothers Grimm alone have mentioned nine versions; it exists in fifty different languages; six or seven princely houses lay claim to a descent from our knight. The celebrated Duke of Buckingham, beheaded in the Tower in 1521, declared himself to be a descendant of the Chevalier Helyas, and ordered a translation of his history to be made from Robert Copland, under the title of "The History of Helyas, Knight of the Swanne," which was printed by William Copland. Mr. Thoms has reproduced this version in his "Collection of Early Prose Romances," lately republished.

This poem, in its various modifications, consists generally of two distinct parts; the adventures of the Knight of the Swan, and the narration of the first crusade, ending in the taking of Jerusalem by Godfrey of Bouillon. As is usually the case in all traditional subjects of history, the poetical and popular legend serves as the introduction to the narrative, and the hero is first invested with a mythical or fairy-like origin, in order to satisfy the imagination of the people.

The poetical fable of the Knight of the Swan has been made use of and worked out by twenty different poets. Let us enter into some chronological inquiry upon the various works in which mention has been made of it.

William of Tyre, in his History of the Crusades, is the first from whom we date this legend. He flourished between 1180 and 1190. In the beginning of the following century, Helinand, a native of Flanders, wrote a universal chronicle, in which this fable is mentioned, and Vincent of Beauvais, in his "Speculum Historiale," has quoted the passage. All this is, of course, in Latin. It is not until the end of the thirteenth century that we find the French "Chansons de gestes," on the Knight of the Swan; but several years previously the Germans possessed three or four poems on a similar legend. The "Schwan-Ritter" of Conrad of Wurzburg, the "Lohengrin," by Wolfram of Eschenbach, the "Percival," and the "Titurel," in which this knight always occupies a prominent place.

Jacques van Maerland, who flourished in Flanders about 1275, mentions him also in his poems written in Flemish. It was at that period that the legend became most extensively popular. Not only did poets in three different countries and languages sing of the fabulous origin of Godfrey of Bouillon, but even historical documents were consecrated to the memory of the Knight of the Swan. Among others the chronicle of the Abbey of Brogne, and the history of Lambert d'Ardes.

In the fourteenth century they began to translate this fable into prose from the poem of the Trouvères. In the next century the Danish popular works

on Charlemagne were circulated throughout Europe, and among them we find inserted the Saga of the Knight of the Swan. It is equally known in Iceland, under the name of Helis, son of Julius Cesar.

Caxton, who received a part of his literary education in Belgium, carried this fable to England, and Wynkyn de Worde propagated it after him. Ames, in his work on the "History of Printing," mentions a copy, in quarto, on parchment, but this has never yet been traced.

In the sixteenth century we find many versions of the "Saga of the Swan" in at least ten different languages.

Such is the chain of tradition from the twelfth to the sixteenth century, of which William of Tyr forms uncontestedly the first link. But the fable was not invented by him; for he says that it was already popular before his time. *Licet id fuisse plurimorum narratio.* With whom, then, did it originate? From what source did this legend spring? The opinions of learned writers are much divided on this point. The German Goërrès traces some vestiges as far back as Tacitus, where mention is made of a tradition relative to a voyage of Ulysses on the borders of the Rhine. Mone attributes it to the French. Leroux de Linay, in his "Livre des Légendes," pretends that it is borrowed from the East, and from the "Thousand-and-One-Nights."

When we find in such a saga as the "Knight of the Swan" characteristics which are also to be found in Latin, German, French, Spanish, and Flemish popular legends, it is needless to assume that this similitude is the result of mere servile imitation—the traditions of one people copied from another; but it shows the original working of the popular mind on a stock of traditions common to all races, but belonging to none in particular, adapting to each its several time and place. We shall say, then, with Mr. Dasent, that the story was primeval among many tribes and races, and that it only "crystallized itself round a great name by that process of attraction which invariably leads a grateful people to throw such mystic wreaths, such garlands of poetical deeds of precious memory around the brow of its darling heroes."

In the publication of the Royal Academy of Brussels, Baron de Reiffenberg has thrown more light on this subject than any of his predecessors in the same field, and we consider that he has almost exhausted it.

#### THE WEATHER DURING THE MONTH OF AUGUST.

(By JAMES GLAISHER, F.R.S, Royal Observatory, Greenwich.)

THE weather in the month of August has been of the same general character as that which has been prevalent all this year. The pressure of the atmosphere has been variable, and in August for the most part small; the sky has been far more than usually covered with cloud at this season of the year, with remarkably little sunshine. The temperature has been always low, and particularly during the day; the direction of the wind has been chiefly from the S.W., and rain has fallen frequently.

The following table shows the more important meteorological elements in the month of August. The numbers in the first column show the mean daily reading of the barometer, or pressure of the atmosphere, and if these be compared with the reading, 29.80 inches, which is the average for the month, the more or less than the average amount of air which has passed over us will be readily seen.

The numbers in the next column show the highest daily temperature of the air; the average value of this element in August is 73°. By comparing this value with those in the table, the remarkable deficiency of high day temperature in August is seen.

The numbers in the next column show the lowest night temperature, whose average for August is 53 $\frac{1}{4}$ °; and if that value be compared with those in the table, it will be seen that the nights were, for the most part, of too low temperature; but their departures below their averages were small compared to the deficiency of day temperature.

The numbers under the head of Mean Temperature show the value of this element every day, and if compared with 61 $\frac{1}{2}$ °, it will be seen at once that there is no instance in August till the 29th day, in which the temperature has reached that due to the season, and that the loss of temperature thus experienced, as shown in the numbers in the next column, has been large and continuous.

Meteorological Table for August, 1860.

Day.	Reading of Barometer.	TEMPERATURE.		Range in Day.	Mean Temp.	Departure from Average.	Temp. of Dew Point.	Degree of Humidity	Direction of Wind.	RAIN.
		Highest.	Lowest.							
1	Inches.	8	70.3	54.6	15.7	59.8	-2.7	50.6	73	W. 0.00
2	29.884	67.0	52.5	14.5	57.3	-5.0	52.7	88	W.N.W. 0.03	
3	29.774	67.8	52.4	15.4	59.1	-3.1	55.4	89	W.S.W. 0.03	
4	29.532	69.8	53.3	17.5	59.9	-2.2	54.0	83	W. 0.04	
5	29.408	70.8	53.3	18.0	57.1	-4.9	47.8	70	S.W. 0.00	
6	29.277	61.0	52.0	12.0	55.4	-6.6	49.3	84	S.W. 0.33	
7	29.699	68.0	45.5	22.5	55.7	-6.3	46.9	71	W.S.W. 0.00	
8	29.554	65.0	47.8	17.2	53.9	-8.1	53.1	99	S.S.W. 0.20	
9	29.536	64.2	52.6	11.6	56.4	-5.5	47.5	74	W. 0.00	
10	29.718	69.0	47.3	21.7	57.5	-4.3	51.1	77	W.S.W. 0.01	
11	29.423	69.6	53.7	15.9	58.3	-3.4	54.4	91	W.S.W. 0.47	
12	29.595	65.0	53.1	11.9	57.9	-3.7	53.0	85	N.W. 0.02	
13	29.605	69.8	52.7	17.1	58.3	-3.2	53.3	86	S.W. 0.15	
14	29.549	68.8	52.6	16.2	59.2	-2.3	55.1	87	W. 0.15	
15	29.518	67.8	51.1	16.7	59.3	-2.1	51.6	84	S.W. 0.02	
16	29.232	70.8	56.2	14.6	61.1	-0.3	57.2	90	S.S.W. 0.09	
17	29.394	65.7	50.3	15.4	56.2	-5.1	48.2	76	S.W. 0.16	
18	29.448	60.0	48.8	11.2	52.9	-8.2	51.3	96	S.W. 0.12	
19	29.702	65.5	54.4	11.1	58.7	-2.2	55.1	89	W. 0.12	
20	29.688	68.7	55.9	12.8	59.0	-1.8	53.4	87	W. 0.03	
21	29.791	70.1	53.5	16.6	58.9	-1.7	53.1	83	W. 0.00	
22	29.393	63.8	52.0	11.8	56.1	-4.3	54.4	96	S.W. 0.03	
23	29.703	66.8	47.4	19.4	55.6	-4.7	49.6	81	S.W. 0.46	
24	29.591	60.8	47.8	13.0	54.4	-5.9	54.4	100	W. 0.36	
25	29.581	64.0	58.3	5.7	59.8	-0.4	58.4	98	S.W. 0.19	
26	29.688	70.0	53.1	16.9	59.0	-0.9	50.8	76	W. 0.00	
27	29.713	68.0	50.7	17.3	56.8	-2.9	51.2	84	S.W. 0.30	
28	29.664	66.8	50.2	16.6	57.2	-2.4	53.4	88	S.W. 0.14	
29	29.391	69.1	52.6	16.5	59.7	+0.3	55.5	87	S.W. 0.14	

The sign + denotes above, and the sign — below the average.

In the degree of humidity, saturation is represented by 100.

The mean of the numbers in the first column is 29.57 inches, being too low by

\* Le Chevalier au Cygne et Godefroi de Bouillon. Publié pour la première fois avec de nouvelles recherches, &c. One vol., 4to. Hayes, Brussels.

0.23 inch. This is a large deficiency, and in the preceding 20 years there has been no instance of such a low barometric pressure in August.

The mean high day temperature for the month is 67°, being no less than 6° too low; and this is the amount of daily loss of this element throughout the month. In 1845, the mean of this element in August was 67.4°.

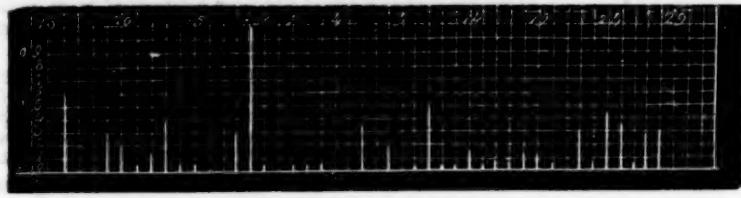
The mean low night temperature for the month is 51.4°, being 1.4° too low, and this is the amount of loss by night. The nights in August are frequently of lower temperature than 52°. The space between the highest day and lowest night temperature, in the diagram, shows the range of temperature day by day. The usual daily range in August is 19.4°, which is 4° larger than took place this month, and shows how much the nights were relatively warmer than the days during the month.

The mean temperature of the month is 57.4°, being 4° too low. In the year 1844, the mean of this month was 57.4°; and in 1848 was 57.4°.

The temperature of the dew-point, or the temperature at which the air is saturated with the moisture mixed with it in the invisible shape of vapour, and below which some water would be deposited, was 52.4°, being 1.4° below its average. Therefore there was somewhat less water in the air than usual; but as the temperature of the air was nearly 4° too low, the air was more humid than usual. The degree of humidity was 85°, being 8° too great. By inspecting the numbers in the preceding table, it will be seen that on some days the air has been dry, and on the 8th, 24th, and 25th, almost saturated through the 24 hours of the day.

The fall of rain, up to the 30th day, is 3.5 inches, exceeding the average fall for the whole month by more than one inch. The fall from January 1st is 21.4 inches, exceeding the average up to the end of August by 6 inches.

Diagram showing the Fall of Rain in Inches, from August 15 to 28, at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.



#### ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES FOR SEPTEMBER, 1860.

THE Sun rises at London at 5h. 14m. on the first day; at 5h. 28m. on the 10th; at 5h. 44m. on the 20th; and at 6h. 1m. on the last day; and he sets at 6h. 44m., 6h. 25m., 6h. 2m., and 5h. 39m., on the same days respectively. On the 22nd day, at 7h. 52m. p.m., he enters Libra, and autumn commences.

The Moon enters her last quarter on the 8th; is new on the 15th; enters her first quarter on the 21st, and is full on the last day of the month. She rises at 6h. 44m. p.m. on the 1st, and later, day by day, till the 10th, when she rises at midnight; on the 15th, she sets at 5h. 50m. p.m.; on the 20th, at 8h. 14m. p.m.; on the 24th, after midnight; and at about sunrise towards the end of the month, being visible all night. On the 6th, she is near the Pleiades; and at 11h. 48m., the star Eta Tauri will be occulted by the Moon, and will emerge at 49 minutes after midnight. This is the largest star which will be occulted by the Moon during the month.

Mercury is a morning star, and rises, on the 1st, at about 1.5h. before the Sun; at about 1h. 10m. on the 10th; at 16m. on the 20th; and at about half an hour after him on the last day. He souths, on the 1st, at 10h. 56m. a.m.; on the 10th, at 11h. 24m. a.m.; on the 20th, at 11h. 53m.; and on the 30th, at 12 minutes after noon. He sets, on the 1st, at 6h. 19m. p.m.; on the 10th, at 6h. 22m.; on the 20th, at 6h. 13m.; and on the last day at 5h. 53m. He is in perihelion on the 2nd, near Regulus on the 6th, Saturn on the 7th, and the Moon on the 14th. He is in superior conjunction with the Sun on the 22nd.

Venus is a morning star, rising in the E.N.E., on the 1st, at 1h. 41m. a.m.; on the 10th, at 1h. 31m.; on the 20th, at 1h. 34m.; and on the last day, at 1h. 43m. She souths, on the 1st, at 9h. 6m. a.m.; on the 10th, at 9h. a.m.; and on the 20th, at 8h. 56m. a.m. She sets, on the 1st, at 4h. 39m. p.m.; on the 10th, at 4h. 28m.; on the 20th, at 4h. 18m.; and on the last day, at 4h. 9m. p.m. She is near the Moon on the 11th, and Jupiter on the 29th.

Mars is an evening star, rising in the S.E., on the 1st, at 5h. 20m. p.m.; on the 10th, at 4h. 47m. p.m.; on the 20th, at 4h. 12m. p.m.; and on the last day, at 3h. 44m. p.m. He souths, on the 1st, at 8h. 48m. p.m.; on the 10th, at 8h. 22m.; on the 20th, at 7h. 57m. p.m.; and on the last day, at 7h. 35m. p.m. He sets, on the 1st, at 0h. 18m. a.m.; on the 10th, at 11h. 55m. p.m.; on the 20th, at 11h. 39m. p.m.; and on the last day, at 11h. 26m. p.m. He is in perihelion on the 16th, and near the Moon on the 24th.

Jupiter is a morning star, and rises, a little S. of E.N.E., on the 1st, at 2h. 47m. a.m.; on the 10th, at 2h. 22m.; on the 20th, at 2h. 54m., a.m.; and on the 30th, at 1h. 25m. a.m. He souths, on the 1st, at 10h. 23m. a.m.; on the 10th, at 9h. 55m. a.m.; on the 20th, at 9h. 23m. a.m.; and on the 30th, at 8h. 51m. a.m. He sets, on the 1st, at 5h. 57m. p.m.; on the 10th, at 5h. 28m. p.m.; on the 20th, at 4h. 51m. p.m.; and on the last day, at 4h. 14m. p.m. He is near the Moon on the 12th.

Saturn is a morning star, rising, in the W.N.W., on the 1st, at 4h. 21m. a.m.; on the 10th, at 3h. 51m. a.m.; on the 20th, at 3h. 20m. a.m.; and on the last day, at 2h. 48m. a.m. He souths, on the 1st, at 11h. 30m. a.m.; and at 9h. 49m. a.m. on the last day. He sets, on the 1st, at 6h. 37m. p.m.; and on the last day, at 4h. 51m. p.m. He is near the Moon on the 14th.

#### VANITY OF VANITIES.

THE harp's unstrung; not crushed,—  
And Music's voice, unhushed,  
Breathes but one strain—  
The old and sad lament,  
With human voices blent,—  
“In vain! In vain!”

Through the green forest arch  
The wild winds in their march  
Sigh and complain;  
The torrent on the hill,  
Moans to the midnight chill,—  
“In vain! In vain!”

The hoarse, monotonous sea  
Repeats incessantly,  
Through storm and rain,  
The melancholy cry,  
To listening earth and sky,—  
“In vain! In vain!”

LOVE mourns its early dead,  
HOPE its illusions fled  
Or rudely slain;  
And WEALTH and POWER prolong  
The old eternal song,—  
“In vain! In vain!” C. M.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

FROM AUGUST 24TH TO AUGUST 30TH.

- A Wife to Order. By F. Gerstaeker. Translated by E. Routledge. 12mo. bds. 2s. Routledge.  
Bulwer's Godolphin (Routledge's Select Standard Novels, Vol. XII.) Feap. 8vo. cloth. 2s. 6d. Routledge.  
Sunshine and Clouds. By Miss Bowman. Feap. 8vo. cloth. 2s. 6d. Routledge.  
Lyton's Works, Vol. II. “Devereux,” Vol. I. Post 8vo. 5s. Blackwood.  
Tales from Blackwood, Vol. X. 18mo. cloth. 16s. Blackwood.  
Stebbing's (Henry) Lives of the Italian Poets. 12mo. cloth. 7s. 6d. Bentley.  
The Road to Honour. 3 vols. Post 8vo. cloth. £1. 11s. 6d. Hurst & Co.  
The Old Judge. By Sam Slick. 1 vol. crown 8vo. 5s. Hurst & Co.  
Beecroft's (G.) Companion to the Iron Trade. 5th edition. 12mo. half-bound. 12s. Simpkin. Songs of Labour and Domestic Life. With Rhymes for Little Readers. By A. Smart. 12mo. cloth. 3s. 6d. Simpkin.  
Drew's Practical Meteorology. 2nd edition. Feap. 8vo. 5s. Van Vorst.  
The Semi-Attached Couple. By the Author of “The Semi-Detached House.” 2 vols. Post 8vo. £1. 1s. Bentley.  
Captain Brand, of the Centipede. By Lieut. H. A. Wise. Post 8vo. 6s. Trübner.  
Great Events of History. By W. F. Collier. 12mo. cloth. 2s. 6d. Nelson.  
Mary Rock; or, Adventures in Texas. By P. B. St. John. 12mo., boards. 2s. Clarke.  
Royston Gower; or, the Days of Robin Hood. By T. Millar. 12mo., boards. 2s. 6d. Bryce.  
De la Gironière's Adventures in Philippine Islands. translated. Post 8vo., boards. 2s. Clarke.
- The Tommiebeg Shootings on a Moor in Scotland. By T. Jeans. Post 8vo., cloth. 5s. 10d. Routledge.  
Odd People. By Captain Mayne Reid. Post 8vo., cloth. 5s. 10d.  
Footfalls in the Boundary of Another World. By R. D. Owen. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d. Trübner.  
Anniversaries, &c. Armour of Proof for the Soldier of Christ. Second Edition. 12mo., cloth. 6s. Masters.  
Heygate's (Rev. W. E.) Evenings of Life. Second Edition, 12mo., cloth. 5s. 6d. Masters.  
Osborn (Captain Sherard), The Past and Future of British Relations in China. Post 8vo., cloth. 5s. Blackwood.  
The Story of Italy. By the Author of “Mary Powell.” 12mo., cloth. 3s. 6d. Bentley.  
Baverty (Captain H. G.), A Dictionary of the Pashto, or Language of the Afghans. 4to., cloth. £4. 4s. Longmans.  
Pemberton's (J. Despard) Facts and Figures relating to Vancouver's Island and British Columbia, with Maps. 8vo., cloth. Longmans.  
Bosanquet, Translated by (William H. T.), The Fall of Man; or, Paradise Lost in Eden. Post 8vo., cloth. 5s. Longmans.  
Brandon's (Philip) Illustrated Guide to Corfe Castle, Wareham, and Purbeck. Post 8vo., sewed. 1s. 6d. Longmans.  
Run-and-Read Library. Mary Bunyan. By S. R. Ford. 12mo., boards. 1s. 6d. Simpkin and Marshall.  
The Evil Eye. A Romance by William Carlton. Illustrated. 1 vol. Crown 8vo., cloth. 10s. 6d. Duffy.  
Hints on Illuminating in Gold and Metals. By Henry M. Lucien. 12mo., cloth, sewed. 1s. Barnard & Son.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

CORREGGIO'S ECCE HOMO, the long-sought Replica of the National Gallery Picture, which the most eminent judges pronounce the finest painting in this country, is ON VIEW, from Ten till Nine (Admission, 6d.), at GARDNER'S GALLERY, 119, Oxford-street.

FRENCH EXHIBITION, 120, Pall Mall.—The Seventh Annual Exhibition of Pictures, the contributions of ARTISTS of the FRENCH and FLEMISH SCHOOLS, including Henrietta Browne's Great Picture of “The Sisters of Mercy,” is NOW OPEN.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogues, 6d. Open from Nine till Six daily.

M R. HOLMAN HUNT'S PICTURE of the FINDING of the SAVIOUR in the TEMPLE, commenced in Jerusalem in July, 1854, is NOW ON VIEW at the GERMAN GALLERY, 168, New Bond-street, from Nine till Six. Admission, 1s.

M ADILLE ROSA BONHEUR'S PICTURES of “SCENES IN SCOTLAND,” and “SPAIN AND FRANCE,” are NOW ON VIEW at the GERMAN GALLERY, 168, New Bond-street, from Nine till Six. Admission, 1s.

F LORAL HALL, COVENT GARDEN.—LAST WEEK OF ALFRED MELLON'S CONCERTS.—It is respectfully announced that these Concerts will positively terminate on Saturday next, Sept. 8th, the Band and Chorus being engaged for the Worcester Triennial Musical Festival. Full particulars of the arrangements for the last Six Nights will be duly announced. On SATURDAY next, September 8th (the last night) a GRAND CONCERT will take place, being for the benefit of Alfred Mellon. Conductor—Alfred Mellon. Promenade, One Shilling. Commence at Eight.

A STLEY'S ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE.—Proprietor and Manager, Mr. W. BATTY.—On MONDAY, and during the week, will be presented the splendid Hippodrama of MAZEPPO AND THE WILD HORSE; with entirely new and beautiful Scenery, Costly Costumes and Appointments, and an incomparable Routine of Cirque Wonders and Novelties.

R OYAL ALHAMBRA PALACE, Leicester Square.—Lessee, MR. E. T. SMITH.—Cirque Imperial.—Increased success of the New Company, and crowded houses. The scenes in the Arena comprise the talent of all nations, by the following Artistes, who will appear every Evening: Mdles. Josephine, Clementine, and Fanny Monette; Messieurs the Brothers Berri, Christoff, Nevill, Les Frères Daniels, Luigi, Romeo; Clowns: Harry Croueate, Tom Matthews, Dan Castello, and Mons. Oriel. Box-office open from Ten till Four. Doors open at half-past Seven, commence at Eight. Morning Performance every Wednesday and Saturday, at Two.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's Park.—SATURDAY HALF HOLIDAY.—The admission to these Gardens on Saturdays will be REDUCED to SIXPENCE each person, during the months of AUGUST, SEPTEMBER, and OCTOBER.

M ADAME TUSSAUD'S HISTORICAL GALLERY, at the Bazaar, BAKER STREET.—Continuation of Early English Kings from the Conqueror, KING STEPHEN, grandson of the Conqueror, in the quaint costume of the period 1135. Kings recently added—Henry I., William Rufus, William the Conqueror and his Queen, studied from old English manuscripts.—Admittance, ONE SHILLING, EXTRA ROOM, SIXPENCE. Open from Eleven till Ten at Night.

M R. WASHINGTON FRIEND'S grand musical and pictorial entertainment, entitled TWO HOURS in CANADA and the UNITED STATES, illustrated by his great moving panorama, delineating 5,000 miles of the most interesting scenery, comprising the beautiful Falls of Niagara and the River St. Lawrence, the Victoria Tubular Bridge, Canadian, American, Indian, Emigrant, and Negro Life, &c. Mr. Friend will also relate characteristic anecdotes and adventures, and sing original songs and melodies of the country, accompanying himself upon seven different instruments.—OPEN DAILY, at three and eight o'clock. Stalls, 3s.; area, 2s.; gallery, 1s.—St. James's Hall, Piccadilly.

R OYAL CREMORNE GARDENS.—Admission, One Shilling.—DAILY, the highly interesting STEREORAMA, the only novelty in London. The beautiful Fernery, Cascades, and Dripping-Wells. Grand Equestrian Performance in the Cirque Orientale, including the wonderful Little Menon and the classical performances of the Delavantis. The Music of the Aerophon. Poletti, the Roman Illusionist. The laughter-exciting Ballet. Varied Vocal and Instrumental Concert. Al Fresco Bal. Lustrous Illuminations. Splendid Pyrotechnic Displays. Table d'Hôte Supper at Nine. Coffee and Private Rooms for large and small parties. On Sunday, Promenade. Table d'Hôte at Six, 2s. 6d.

T HE STEREORAMA.—This highly-interesting EXHIBITION, by GRIEVE & TELBIN,—the only novelty in London,—commences daily at 12.—Admission, 1s. Family Tickets, 5s., to admit six. At Mitchell's, Bond-street; Sam's, St. James's-street; and Keith & Prowse's, Cheapside. Carriage entrance, King's-road, Cremorne.

[Sept. 1, 1860.]

**PARIS—LONDON to PARIS DAILY.** SPECIAL DIRECT SERVICE, TWICE EACH WAY EVERY DAY, except Sunday, by the BRIGHTON RAILWAY, *vid* Newhaven and Dieppe. First class, 2s.; second class, 20s. Return tickets (available for one calendar month), first class, 50s.; second class, 30s. A steward's fee of 1s. and 6d. respectively is also charged on board.

**SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.**—The usual CHEAP SUNDAY EXCURSIONS to RAMSGATE, Margate, Dover, Canterbury, &c. Covered carriages, 4s.

MONDAY EXCURSIONS to the same places, at similar fares and times, commencing 3rd September.

SATURDAY to MONDAY at the SEASIDE, and other stations. Cheap Trains every Saturday afternoon.

CHEAP EXCURSION to GRAVESEND, Rosshireville Gardens, Rochester, Chatham, and Sheerness, on MONDAY, leaving London-bridge Station at 9.30 a.m., and returning from Gravesend at 9.30 p.m.

Fare to Gravesend and back, ONE SHILLING, covered carriages.

For all particulars see Bills.

C. W. EBORALL, General Manager.

**SUNDAY AND MONDAY EXCURSIONS TO THE SEA-COAST, &c.—is.** Covered Carriages.

Cheap Excursions every SUNDAY and MONDAY to RAMSGATE, Margate, Deal, Sandwich, Sturry (for Herne Bay), Canterbury, leaving London at Five Minutes to Eight a.m., and to DOVER, Folkestone (for Sandgate and Shorncliffe), Hythe, Ashford, Hastings, St. Leonards, and Tunbridge Wells, leaving London at 8.30 a.m., at REDUCED FARES;

4s. .... 6s. 6d. .... 10s.  
And to Gravesend, Strood, and Maidstone, at very low fares.

C. W. EBORALL, General Manager.

**SATURDAY TO MONDAY AT THE SEASIDE—EASTERN COUNTIES RAILWAY.**—A SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSION TRAIN will leave London at 1.45 p.m., every SATURDAY, for Harwich, Ipswich, Aldborough, Yarmouth, and Lowestoft, returning on the following Monday.

FARES.

1st class.	2nd class.	3rd class.	
To Harwich and back	10s. 0d.	6s. 0d.	3s. 6d.
,, Ipswich and back	10s. 0d.	6s. 0d.	4s. 0d.
,, Aldborough and back	17s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	8s. 6d.
,, Yarmouth or Lowestoft and back	20s. 0d.	15s. 0d.	10s. 0d.

By order, J. B. OWEN, Secretary.

**SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY.** FAMILY TICKETS to the SEASIDE, at very REDUCED RATES, are now issued at the Waterloo-bridge Station:—

To Ryde, *vid* Portsmouth, for Ventnor, Sandown, &c.

To Cowes, *vid* Southampton.

To Weymouth.

To Dorchester.

To Poole, for Bournemouth.

To Wareham, for Swanage.

To Lympstone, for Freshwater and the Western part of the Isle of Wight, the scenery of which is unrivaled.

These Tickets are available for periods of from two weeks to three months.

Family Tickets are also issued at the Waterloo-bridge Station:—

To Barnstaple or Bideford, for Ilfracombe and the North of Devon.

To Exeter, for Exmouth, &c.

To Fenton, for Sidmouth and Ottery, St. Mary.

To Honiton, for Sidmouth.

To Colyton, for Seaton and Axmouth.

To Axminster, for Lyme Regis.

Available for 28 days, or for an extended period, on payment of a small per-cent.

For Hand-bills, apply to the Traffic Manager, Waterloo-bridge Station.

**GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.** TOURISTS' and FAMILY TICKETS at CHEAP FARES, available for One Month, are issued at King's-cross and other principal Stations, to

Scarborough, Filey, Bridlington, Withernsea, Isle of Man, Buxton, Matlock, and district, and (from King's-cross only) to Scotland, on and after 1st July.

At certain country Stations only, Tickets of a similar description are also issued to the following places:—

The Lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland, Blackpool, Fleetwood and Lytham, and to the Lincolnshire Seacoast.

Handbills, with full particulars, may be obtained at King's-cross, and all the Company's Receiving Offices in London, and at the stations in the country.

SEYMORE CLARKE, General Manager.

King's-cross, August, 1860.

**GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.** TOURISTS' SEASIDE and FAMILY TICKETS, available for a month or longer by extra payment, are now ISSUED at Paddington and other principal Stations:—

To EXETER, Bideford, Barnstaple, Dawlish, Teignmouth, Torquay, and Paignton, 50s. first-class, and 35s. second class; Truro, 60s. and 40s.; and Penzance, 65s. and 45s. (to parties of not less than three persons).

To Weymouth, Dorchester, and Bridport, 35s. and 25s., to parties taking three or more tickets.

To the Isle of Man, Bangor, and Beaumaris, *vid* Chester and Liverpool, 70s. and 50s.

To Carnarvon, *vid* Llangollen and Llanberis, and to Bala and Dolgelly, *vid* Llangollen, 70s. and 50s.

To Narberth Road and New Milford, for Tenby and Milford Haven—Tourists' tickets, 72s. and 50s.; family tickets (to parties of not less than three persons), 63s. and 45s.

To Limerick and Killarney, for the South of Ireland, *vid* Milford Haven and Waterford, 57. 6s. and 47s.

Bills, giving full particulars, can be obtained at the Company's Offices and Stations, or upon application to the Superintendent at Paddington.

**GLASGOW and the HIGHLANDS.**—Royal Route *vid* Crinan and Caledonian Canals.—The Royal Mail Steamer IONA leaves Glasgow Bridge Wharf Daily (except Sunday), at Seven a.m., for Ardrosshaig; conveying passengers to Oban, Fort William, Inverness, Staffa, Iona, Glencoe, &c.—Sailing-bills with maps (sent post free), and other particulars, on application to the proprietors, DAVID HUTCHESON & CO., 118, Hope-street.—Glasgow, July 9, 1860.

**WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL SCHOOL OF MEDICINE.**—The INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS of the Session 1860-61, will be delivered by MR. POWER, on MONDAY, 1st OCTOBER, at EIGHT P.M., and after the address a CONVERSATION will be held in the Board Room.

LECTURES.—Descriptive and Surgical Anatomy, Mr. Holt-house; Practical Anatomy, Mr. Heath and Mr. Gray. Dental Surgery, Mr. Cleudon. Chemistry, Dr. Marcell, F.R.S. Surgery, Mr. Barnard Holt and Mr. Brooke, M.A., F.R.S. Physiology and Physiological Anatomy, Mr. Power. Medicine, Dr. Basham. Botany, M. Syme, F.L.S. Comparative Anatomy and Zoology, Mr. Power. Natural Philosophy, Mr. Brooke, M.A., F.R.S. Materia Medica and Therapeutics, Dr. Radcliffe. Forensic Medicine, Dr. Fincham and Dr. Reynolds. Practical Chemistry, Dr. Marcell, F.R.S. Midwifery, Dr. Frederic Bird.

CLINICAL APPOINTMENTS.—The Offices of House Physician and House Surgeon are open to competition solely amongst gentlemen who have been educated at the Hospital, and who are qualified to practice. They are appointed without the payment of any fee, and are provided with board and lodging in the Hospital free of expense. They hold office for one year.

The entire course of study (including Hospital Practice and Lectures) required by the College of Surgeons and the Society of Apothecaries may be attended on payment of 75 guineas, in two instalments; perpetual, 80 guineas. Further information may be obtained on application to MR. POWER, 3, Grosvenor-terrace, Pimlico, or to

J. WILSON, Secretary to the Westminster Hospital.

**UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.** FACULTY OF ARTS and LAWS.—Session 1860-61.—The SESSION will commence on TUESDAY, OCTOBER 16, when Professor BEESLY, A.M., will deliver an INTRODUCTORY LECTURE, at 3 o'clock precisely.

#### CLASSES.

Latin—Professor Newman. Greek—Professor Malden, A.M.

Sanskrit—Professor Goldstucker.

Hebreo (Goldsmid Professorship)—Professor Marks.

Arabic and Persian—Professor Rieu, Ph.D.

Hindustani—Professor Syed Abdoolah.

Tamil—Professor Von Stroeng.

Gujarati—Professor Dádábhái Naoroji.

English Language and Literature—Professor Masson, A.M.

French Language and Literature—Professor Merlet.

Italian Language and Literature—Professor Arrivabene, LL.D.

German Language and Literature—Professor Heimann, Ph.D.

Comparative Grammar—Professor Key, A.M., F.R.S.

Mathematics—Professor De Morgan.

Natural Philosophy and Astronomy—Professor Potter, A.M.

Chemistry—Professor Williamson, F.R.S.

Practical Chemistry—Professor Williamson.

Civil Engineering—Professor Pole.

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Residence of Students.—Several of the professors receive students to reside with them, and in the office of the College there is kept a register of parties who receive boarders into their families. The register will afford information as to terms and other particulars.

Andrews Scholarships.—In October, 1861, two Andrews Scholarships will be awarded—one of £55 for proficiency in Latin and Greek, and one of £25 for proficiency in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. Candidates must have been, during the academic year immediately preceding, matriculated students in the College or pupils of the School.

A Joseph Hume Scholarship in Political Economy of £20 a year, tenable for three years, will be awarded in December, 1862, and in December of every third year afterwards. A Joseph Hume scholarship in Jurisprudence of £20 a year, tenable for three years, will be awarded in December of 1861, and in December of every third year afterwards. A Ricardo Scholarship in Political Economy, of £20 a year, tenable for three years, will be awarded in December, 1860, and in December of every third year afterwards. Candidates must have been, during the academic year immediately preceding, matriculated students of the College, and must produce satisfactory evidence of having regularly attended the class on the subject of the scholarship.

Mr. Laurence Counsel's Prize for Law, £10 for 1861.

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CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.

August, 1860.

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